



*She that Alone Her Lover can withstand.  
Is More than Woman, or He less than Man.*



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THE  
Lover's Secretary;  
OR, THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*LIND AMIRA*,  
A LADY of QUALITY.

Written to her FRIEND in  
the Country.

IN XXIV LETTERS.

Revis'd and Corrected by Mr. *Tho. Brown*.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head* the Corner of  
*Essex-Street* in the Strand; R. WELLINGTON at  
the *Dolphin* and *Crown* without *Temple-Bar*; J. WEL-  
LINGTON; A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-noster-*  
*Row*, and F. CLAY without *Temple-Bar*, both in  
Trust for B. WELLINGTON. 1734.



# THE PREFACE

**T**IS needless to make out the Usefulness of Performances of this nature. Though amorous Intrigues are commonly charg'd with Vanity and Folly; yet, when they are calculated according to the measures of Virtue and Decency, they are equally instructive and diverting. To expose Vice, and disappoint Vanity; to reward Virtue, and crown Constancy with Success, is no disserviceable Aim. All virtuous Readers must needs be pleas'd to see the virtuous and constant *Lindamira* carry'd with Success through a Sea of Misfortunes, and at last married up to her Wishes. Not to mention the Strokes of Wit, the agreeable and innocent Turns, and the just Characters of Men and Things that drop from her artless Pen.

If the Histories of Foreign Amours and Scenes laid beyond the Seas, where unknown Customs bear the greatest Figure, have met with the Approbation of English Readers: 'Tis presum'd, that Domestick Intrigues, manag'd according to the Humours of the Town, and the natural Temper of the Inhabitants of this our Island, will be at least equally grateful. But above all, the weight of Truth, and the importance of real Matter of Fact, ought to over-balance the feign'd Adventures of a fabulous Knight-Errantry.

*We*

## THE PREFACE.

*We have taken care to correct the Style, where the Rules of Grammar and the Humour of the English Language requir'd an Alteration: But so as not to disguise the natural Passion, or to depart from the natural Softness of the Female Pen.*

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THE



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*LIND AMIRA, &c.*

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LETTER I.

**B**ELIEVE me, this is the greatest Proof I can give of my sincere Friendship to my dear *Indamora*, that I comply with her in a Request so disagreeable to my own Inclinations, as to make her a Narrative of my Adventures, being so unfit to pen a History, altho' my own. But if you can excuse the Inaccuracies of my Language, as things offer themselves to my Thoughts, I will impart them to my dearest Friend, in whose Discretion I so much confide, as to be sure she will not expose my Follies; and since her Goodness has made her so much embrace my Interest, as to give herself the Trouble to be better inform'd of the Particulars of my Life, I ought not to deny her so small a Satisfaction; and I am fully persuaded, she has Indulgence enough to excuse the Indiscretion of my Youth, therefore shall not scruple to advertise her of the most secret Thoughts and Movements of my Heart.

I shall pass over those little Occurrences of my Life till I arriv'd to my 16th Year, during which Time nothing remarkable happen'd unto me. I was then bless'd in a good Mother, who never fail'd, to give me all the necessary Instructions of Virtue and Honour, and after what Manner I ought to comport myself in all Companies; ever telling me, that Pride in young Women, was as injurious to their Fortune, as an easy believing Temper might prove on the other Hand, and whatever Addresses might be made to me, that I should give no Encouragement, till I had first acquainted her with them. The great Esteem I had for my Mother, and the high Opinion I had of her Virtue, and the extraordinary Affection she ever express'd for me, extorted from me, this Promise, That I would always be govern'd by her Advice, and that my Will should center in hers. But at the same Time I made my Request, she would not force my Inclinations, out of any Consideration of Estate or Interest of Alliance, and I gave her this solemn Promise, never to marry without her Consent and Approbation. My Mother being well satisfied in what I promis'd her, as freely granted my Request, and this reciprocal Promise having pass'd between us, my Mother was very easy in her Thoughts about me, and the Affection she had for me, made her conceive a very advantageous Opinion of my Conduct, which eased her of those Fears that usually attend a  
mistrustful

mistrustful Temper in Mothers, that their Children must be guilty of great Indiscretions, if out of their Sight: But on the contrary, she never debar'd me of the Liberty of seeing such Friends as were most agreeable to my own Temper. As for publick Diversions I never was much addicted to 'em, and that which confirm'd me in this Humour was for the sake of two young Ladies of Fortune, of indifferent Beauty, but very genteel and sparkish; who were of a Humour to be at all publick Places of Rendezvouz, as Plays, Balls, Musick-meetings, *Hide-Park*, *St. James's*, and *Spring-Garden*. One Day being at a Friend's House, who had a young Daughter near my own Age, in whose Conversation I took much Delight; I went thither to spend my Afternoon, taking with me a new Piece of Work, wherein I wanted her ingenious Fancy to assist me in the Contrivance. Whilst I was there, came in two very Beauish Sparks to visit my dear Companion *Valeria* (for so was she call'd) they entertain'd us with the News of the Town, and of the last Comedy, and pleasantly reproach'd us for being at Home, when all the fine Ladies of Beauty and Quality were at the Play; as for my own part, I told 'em I took more Pleasure in looking on my Work, than others did in beholding all the Pageantry of the Operas; to this one of 'em reply'd, whose Name was Mr. *W*—— that 'twas Pity we were not of the Humour of the two Ladies I have already mention'd, that were at the

Play almost every Day. The Devil take 'em says t'other, all Places are fill'd with their ugly Faces, I'de as live see a Toad, as their two long Noses appear. To this *Valeria* reply'd, That if she and I were of the same Humour, he wou'd say as much of us: But Mr. S—— excused himself for using so coarse an Expression, and to atone for his Crime, he told us both very obligingly, that our Faces would command an universal Respect, and that the Criticks in Beauty, would go with Pleasure to those Places, where they could delight their Eyes in beholding two such Miracles of Nature. The large Encomiums he made on this Occasion, I ascribed to the Merits of *Valeria*, and the too well grounded Admiration he had of her Beauty; for she was certainly a Person infinitely charming.

And to deal sincerely with you, *Indamora*, that Afternoon's Conversation was the Occasion that I resolv'd with *Valeria* not to be seen in publick Places, and that our Faces should give as little Offence as possible. We concluded upon this Expedient, not to go often to our own Parish Church, but change our Place as often as the Week came about. This Humour we pursued a good while: For my Mother not being very well, she kept her Chamber for two or three Months, for she knowing I was in *Valeria's* Company, remain'd very well satisfied, so that I had the Opportunity of gratifying my own foolish Humour: But after we had continued our rambling Fancies



cies for some Time, an Accident besel me for a Punishment of my Folly.

It happen'd one Sunday we went to *White-Hall* Chapel, where I observ'd a Gentleman had his Eyes perpetually fixed on me, and when ever I look'd that Way, I found him still in the same Posture; this I must confess, put me extreamly out of Countenance, so that I was forc'd to rise up in my own Defense, and turn away my Head. The Confusion I was in, made me give little Attention to what the Minister said, whom I thought very tedious, but at last there was a general Release, and *Valeria* and myself were the first that made an Attempt to go out; the Croud being so great we could not without much Difficulty disengage ourselves: But when I was at Liberty, and that I could breathe the fresh Air, I turn'd about to *Valeria* to tell her I never was in so much Confusion, as at the Spark that ogled me, whom it seems she had observ'd as much as myself: I doubt not (said she) but you have made a Conquest of that Beau, for I dare swear for him, he was more intent on you, than the Minister that preach'd.

Now is your Time, *Lindamira* (continued she) to do full Execution with your Eyes, and I hope you'll use your Victory with Moderation. She rally'd me exceedingly for being so concern'd for being look'd on, and as we were on our way home, I observ'd an ordinary Man that pull'd off his Hat to me; and without looking him in the Face I re-

turn'd his Civility, but *Valeria* knew him to be a Porter I used to imploy upon Business, and as by accident she turn'd her Head, she perceiv'd the Spark a talking to this Fellow, and told me of it, which extreamly vexed me, for I concluded this ignorant Blockhead would not have the Sense to evade any Questions that might be asked by *Philander*, (for that is the Name I gave him) and that he would certainly know by his Means who I was.

*Valeria* did so unmercifully teize me, that I could hardly pardon her Raillery, which she continued till we got home: At which Place I think most convenient to take leave of you, and to give you some Respite after so long, and so ill-pen'd a Narrative; but let the Acknowledgments I have made of my Disabilities plead for me, for nothing but your absolute Commands could prevail with me, to give under my own Hand, how indiscreetly I have govern'd myself. But am in all Sincerity, my dearest *Indamora*,

*Your most Faithful*

*Friend and Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

LET-

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 L E T T E R II.

*My dearest Indamora,*

**A**Bout two Days after, my Maid (whom *Valeria* call'd by the Name of *Iris*) brought me a Letter which the said *Roger* the Porter gave her: tho I knew not the Hand, I open'd it and soon perceiv'd it came from a Lover tho unknown to me. The natural Curiosity that attends our Sex, prevail'd with me to read it, and tho' I have not the Letter by me, to the best of my Remembrance it was to this Effect.

That he was become the most amorous of Men since he saw me, and was not able to drive my fair Idea out of his Mind, he beg'd I wou'd permit him to wait on me, that he might tell me with his own Mouth, how great an Admirer he was of me: and much to this Purpose.

I sent for *Roger* demanding of him, from whom he had the Letter, and from what Place: He told me from a brave Gentleman of the *Temple*, I enquir'd his Name, which he readily told me, adding that he was a very familiar obliging Gentleman, and had a notable Head piece of his own, and as I knew *Roger* was none of the best Judges of a Man's Sense and Breeding, I had not a better Opinion of *Philander* for the Character he gave

him; when he had answered all my Questions I bad him return this Answer to the Gentleman; That had I known from whence the Letter came, I wou'd have return'd it to him, if it had not been open'd, and that I was highly displeased at his Boldness, and absolutely forbad *Roger* bringing me any more Letters; but before I dismiss'd him, I added one Query more, which was, How he came to be imploy'd by this Gentleman, knowing that he plyed a great Way off from the *Temple*? He then told me, that as I pass'd by, he putting off his Hat to me that Day we had been at the Chapel, *Philander*; who had followed us, enquir'd of him my Name and the Place of my Abode; to which Questions he having answered, the Gentleman commanded him the next Morning to come and receive his Orders.

In the Afternoon *Valeria*, according to her usual Custom, came to pass with me a few Hours; I accosted her with the wonderful News I had to tell her, concerning the Letter I receiv'd from *Philander*; she laugh'd at me extreamly, telling me I was rightly serv'd for being so offended at his Looks, but she hoped his Letters had not given me so much Offence. I recounted to her all the Discourse I had with *Roger*, whom I had charged to bring me no more Letters: But have you forbid him bringing me any, reply'd *Valeria* pleasantly? and at the same Time produc'd a Letter from the same Hand, and to prevent my asking



asking how she came by it, she told me that *Roger* had brought it to her from a Gentleman who was very ambitious of her Acquaintance, but she might reasonably imagine it was for *Lindamira's* Sake. I was very impatient to know what Answer she return'd; which was, That she would not permit of his coming to wait on her, till she knew the Sentiments of her Friend, who she did believe would not encourage his Visits, without her Mother's Knowledge, and then she laid her Commands upon the Porter not to bring her any more Letters. I gave my dear *Valeria* a thousand Thanks for the good Offices she had done me, believing this would blast all his Hopes, and that I should be troubled no more with the Importunity of a fluttering Beau, whose Genius only lies in dressing, and saying amorous Things: But said *Valeria* to me, Prithee tell me, my dear *Lindamira*, what sort of a Man would be most agreeable to your Humour, for *Philander* seems to be a Person very deserving; he has a good Presence, and seems to have Wit, and yet you hate him, only because he is become your Admirer? What Accomplishments must he, or any one have, to render him worthy of your Affections? I told her, it was not a delicate Shape, or a fine Face, that could charm me, but a Person of a tender and generous Soul, one that was not capable of a disingenuous Action to his Friend, that was Master of a sound and solid Judgment, and had Wit enough, but not too much, lest

he should discover my Ignorance. In fine, (said I) *Valeria*, I think that my Happiness would consist in having an absolute Empire over the Heart of a virtuous Person. You have given so good a Description of an accomplish'd Person, reply'd *Valeria*, that I wish it may be your Fortune to reign absolute in the Heart of such a one: But 'tis not usual to meet with those that can excite true Love and Admiration at the same Time; and I fear added she, that you may keep your Heart long enough, if you don't bestow it, till you meet with one who is Owner of all these Perfections. In such sort of Discourse we pass'd that Afternoon, but I never thought the Day long enough when I was in her Company, such pleasure there is to converse with those one delights in; but *Valeria* was a Person that was extreamly pleasing, having abundance of Wit, and no Affectation, but much Discretion, and I ever prefer'd the sweet Enjoyment of her Company before any Diversion of the Town; but since 'tis not her History I am to write, I will pursue my former Narration, and acquaint you with the Fopperies of *Philander*.

The *Sunday* following, after Evening Prayer, came the Minister of the Parish to wait on my Mother, and *Philander* along with him; my Mother sent for me into her Chamber, and bid me go and entertain Mr. G—— till she came, I obey'd her, but never was I more surpriz'd than when I beheld *Philander* in the Room. I was in Dispute with myself if I  
 should

should advance or retreat, but being oblig'd to be Civil to Mr. G — I acquitted myself as well as I could, and made my Compliment to him. Mr. G — who was an ingenious Man, wanted not for Discourse to pass the Time till my Mother came, and then I was oblig'd to change my Seat, and could not avoid sitting by *Philander*, who all this Time had not spoke one Word, but sigh'd heartily. Whilst Mr. G — entertain'd my Mother, (which seem'd to be about Business of Consequence, for sometimes he spoke low) *Philander* took the Opportunity to discover the Weakness of his Soul, and his intolerable Foppery; he was very loquacious, yet he often complain'd he wanted Rhetorick to express his Sentiments, which he did in such abominable far-fetch'd Metaphors, with incoherent Fragments out of Plays, Novels and Romances, that I thought he had been really distracted. 'Tis impossible to represent to you, the several Grimaces, the Gestures of his Hands and Head, and with what Eagerness he ply'd his Nose with Snuff, as if that would have inspir'd his shallow Noddle with Expressions suitable to the Occasion. I said all to him that my Aversion could suggest, which I thought was enough to put a young Lover out of Hopes, and frighten my Parchment Hero from making a second Assault at my Heart, which I was sure was Proof against any Impression he cou'd make. But *Philander* was resolv'd to persist in tormenting me, and in a foppish impertinent

Way,

Way, told me he would wait on me, whether I would or no, for he could not live without the sight of me. At length Mr. G—— took leave of my Mother, and I was deliver'd from the Conversation of one of the most ridiculous, fantastical Fops the Town ever bred. When they were gone, my Mother asked me how I liked that Gentleman; as well, Madam, (said I) as 'tis possible to be pleas'd with a conceited Coxcomb, who has only a fair Out-side, but has neither Sense nor Brains to recommend him. You are very Satyrical, said my Mother, for methinks he is a very pretty well-bred Gentleman: I told my Mother that Appearances were often fallacious, that I cou'd discover no Charms he had, but the genteel Toss with his Wig, and the grand Slur, that indeed was handsome enough, yet he was my Aversion, for I cou'd never have a true Esteem for any one so monstrously Foppish: but, reply'd my Mother, he has a good Estate, and is a Counsellor at the *Temple*; and is very much taken with you, as Mr. G—— tells me, and in my Opinion ought not to be slighted. But as my Mother had promised not to force my Inclinations, I did not apprehend much Trouble from Mr. G——'s Intercession on *Philander*'s behalf, who made me a Visit three or four Days after, and came in a Dress suitable to his Design, if fine Clothes, well chose, and well put on, would have altered my Opinion of him. My Mother commanded me to go into the Parlour to him, and to shew  
some



some Complacency to a Gentleman that had an Esteem for me. I obey'd my Mother, but with all the Reluctancy imaginable, which was easily discover'd in my Looks, and gave *Phlander* some Reason to fear, that my Heart was not so easy a Prize as he imagined; after the first Ceremonies, he asked me the Cause of that Chagrin that appear'd in my Eyes, and did hope that his Presence did not contribute to it. I took the Opportunity to assure him, I was surpriz'd to see him after the Repulses I had given him, for I was not of the Humour to encourage the Affection of any one, only to add Trophies to my Victories; and that I thought it more for my Reputation to have no Lovers at all, than such as I could have no Esteem for. Then, Madam, (said he) I perceive I am not of that Number that are bless'd with your Esteem or Friendship, and retreating back a Step or two, as if he had been Thunder struck, he curs'd his Stars for loving one (as he said) so fair, and yet so cruel; and sighing said, When I reflect on the Severity of my Destiny, and what Despair you drive me to, I am of all Men the most unhappy: But cou'd I represent to you the Torments of Love, the Hopes, the Fears, the Jealousies that attend a violent Passion, it wou'd certainly work upon your generous Humour, and would prevent those Miseries that accompany a despairing Lover. I hearken'd to his Harangue without interrupting him, and when he had squeez'd out his last Sentence,

Sentence, I took upon me to represent the Unhappiness of a precipitate Inclination, and that the Effects of it were nothing but Sighs, and a fruitless Repentance, and however refin'd his Passion might be, I had not so much good Nature as to favour it: And being not willing to give Way to the Freedom of those Thoughts I had of his Foppery, I resolv'd to consider him as he was, and to treat him with Respect, and ingeniously to confess I had so great an Indifferency for him, that it was impossible for me to vanquish it, whatever Violence I used upon my Inclinations; and that if he was truly generous, he would not give himself the Trouble of coming any more to me. At these Words the poor Lover seem'd much concern'd, and struggling between Love and Generosity, he at last said, that he wou'd obey me, and banish himself from my Presence, for he did believe the Sight of him was odious to me; and since I was so niggardly of my Favours, his Life wou'd be fill'd with nothing but Disasters, and out of my Presence it would seem a dull insipid Being: And added also, that he would take a Voyage at Sea, and travel for some Time, in Hopes that Absence wou'd work the Effect I desired. I confirm'd him in his pretended Resolution, representing to him the Advantages that young Gentlemen receiv'd by Travelling, that they might improve their Stock of Wit, their Judgment, and whatever their Genius led 'em to: And that in *France*, Love and Gallantry were so  
much

much practised and encouraged, that I believed he would be esteem'd in the first Rank of the most gallant Men of *Paris*, since he knew so well how to admire our Sex, and to extol Imperfections for Excellencies, and that Flattery was a Bait so easily swallow'd, that none would question his Judgment.

Some more Discourse we had upon this Subject, wherein he accus'd me of too much Cruelty, and that I was guilty of great Tyranny, that would see him languish in Despair; but the pious Resolution he had taken of Travelling, I told him wou'd prevent my seeing an Object that could raise no Compassion in me.

He then perceiv'd I rally'd him, and not being willing to be the Subject of my Contempt, he beg'd leave to take his last Farewel of me; that pleasing Sound so charm'd my Ears, that I was ready to receive his Salute, before he was arose from his Chair, which confirm'd him more in the Opinion of my Aversion to him. And according to the ancient Dialect of Lovers, he blam'd his Fate, and deplor'd his Misfortune, and then took his last Adieu.

When he was gone, I gave an Account to my Mother of what had past: I believe my Proceedings did not agree with her Judgment, but she said little to me of it, and thought me very difficult to please.

But, my *Indamora*, my Time was not yet come, that the little God of Love took a  
 Revenge

Revenge for my Insensibility; my next Tormentor was an old stiff ceremonious Knight, to whom I gave the Name of *Sir Formal Trifle*; but having spun out this Letter too long already, I shall defer the Recital of his Addresses till the next Opportunity I have of conveying my Thoughts to my dear Friend, with whom I wish myself daily, and that I could make you a Visit in your charming Solitude, which you have so ingeniously describ'd, that I long to partake of your Pleasure in your solitary Walk of high Elms, which brings into my Remembrance some Passages of my Life, which you shall be acquainted with in the Sequel of my Story. Farewel, my dear *Indamora*, I am

Your *Lindamira*.

L E T.



## L E T T E R III.

I Shall, my dearest *Indamora*, succinctly run over the Accident that brought me acquainted with Sir *Formal Trifle*, that I may the sooner come to that part of my Story, that has occasion'd the Curiosity of the Cause of that great Misfortune that has cost me so many Sighs and Tears.

And I think two Months had scarce past over, after *Philander* had left me at liberty, but my Mother and myself were invited to Dinner by an Uncle of *Valeria's*, where was to be only a select number of Friends; and knowing *Valeria* wou'd be there, I went with more Pleasure than I should have otherwise gone, if my pleasant Companion had not been one of the number. At Dinner, according to Custom, all the Ladies Healths were drank, and at last it came to my turn; and as the Fates would have it, it fell to Sir *Formal's* Lot to begin it. Madam, (said he) my fair Opposite, 'tis ordained by the Stars above, that I should be that happy Man, that has the Honour, (tho undeservedly) to begin the most amiable *Lindamira's* Health; this long Harangue was so surprizing to me, and so uncommon, that if I had not been under some Restrictions, I should have discover'd my Ill-breeding by laughing



laughing in his Face : But this dignified Fop, for fear I did not apprehend his Compliment, repeated the same words again, that he might have more Efficacy upon my Mind, and oblig'd all the Gentlemen to follow his Example. Now, that you may know him the better, I will send you his Portraiture drawn in as lively Colours as ever *Titian* or *Tintoret* represented any one to the Life.

This Knight was about the age of Forty Five, tall, lean, and ill shaped, but I could not discover the least Reliques of a good Face : He was slow of Speech, mightily opinionated of his own Wit, one who delighted in hard Words, and admir'd himself for his Discourses ; his fustian way of expressing his wretched Thoughts, which he was pleas'd to mis-name Oratory and Eloquence, at the same time he was insupportably impertinent in all Companies ; he wou'd be giving his Advice when he was never ask'd ; and, to the Mortification of all that convers'd with him, He had a prodigious long Memory, which made him never to omit the least Circumstance, that serv'd to enlarge his Story ; so that all his Auditors stood in need of what Patience they had, to support 'em under the fatigue (if I may so express it) of being oblig'd to give Attention to him.

Thus

Thus, my *Indamora*, have I given you a most exact Description of this Sir *Formal*, without either magnifying or detracting from his Merits. As soon as Dinner was over, *Valeria* and I withdrew from the Company, and went into a Closet, where we had our fill of laughing, for all Dinner-time he threw his Eyes about, as if he wou'd have thrown them at me, and sent me so many amorous Glances, and made so many wry Faces, that one wou'd have imagin'd Convulsion Fits had seiz'd him. I was particular in my Enquiry, whether he was a Batchelor or married Man; if the latter, I had Good-nature enough to pity his Lady, but if the former, I rejoic'd to think that no Woman was so unhappy to be subject to his Humours, which to me seem'd insupportable, especially the everlasting Penance of hearing his Imperinencies. But, said *Valeria*, what if the Knight shou'd become your Lover, how wou'd you receive him? for I am of opinion you have made a Conquest of his Heart already, and he never makes his Application but to young Ladies. Is it possible (said I) that he shou'd have Confidence to make Love with that forbidding Face? 'Tis most certainly true, reply'd *Valeria*, and you need not doubt but he will make you a Visit, which will last you six long Hours by the Clock, his Discourse you'll find worse than his Name-sake's in the Virtuoso; he'll perpetually teize you with long Narrations of his Intrigues with  
young

young Ladies, of Favours receiv'd, of his compendious way of storming of Hearts, and the Insensibility of his own, for he pretends 'tis his greatest Diversion to draw the fair Sex into his Snares. When *Valeria* had done speaking, I could not help admiring that any thing that went on two Legs, and pretends to Reason, could be so vain, so conceited, and so abandon'd to Folly. The Character she gave of him, made me entertain a mortal Aversion for him; and I heartily wish'd I might never see the Face of him more. But for the Punishment of my Sins, no Question, *Valeria* and myself were called down to the Dining-room, and the first Object I cast my Eyes upon was Sir *Formal*, who came smirking towards me, and offer'd me his Hand to lead me to the other end of the Room, which I could not civilly refuse him; he then began a long Harangue upon the second Chapter, (as he express'd himself) of my Incomparable Perfections.

Madam (said he) Have you not heard of the Robbery that was committed within these few Hours at Noon-day? The Party that was robb'd lost his best Jewel in his Cabinet; and, continued he, the pretty Thief, that stole the Prize, is within Ear-shot of me. I could not comprehend his Meaning, as being utterly unacquainted with his figurative way of speaking, and innocently told him, I was altogether ignorant of the strange  
News

News he told me, and that I did not know how I ought to apply his Simile; to yourself, said he, for you are the Thief above-mentioned, and 'tis my Heart that is lost; and so with this thread bare, fulsome, weather-beaten Simile, he persecuted me at least an Hour; telling me, that when he met with Ladies of Wit, he chose to entertain them with Allegories. What I have related to you was not so soon spoke as you may have read it over, for he drew out every Syllable with as much Grace, as the slowest *Spaniard* in *Castile*, and this so effectually tired me, that like Prince *Pretty-man* in the *Rehearsal*, I was ready to fall asleep. But my Mother releas'd me from his tiresome Conversation, by telling me it was time to be gone, because she design'd to make a Visit to a Friend before she went home.

I leave you to judge, my dear *Indamora*, of the Joy I felt in my Soul, when I was summon'd to be gone; for though I made a thousand little Excuses, yet all this while I was not able to dis-engage myself from his Company. When we were arriv'd at this place, I made my Complaint to a young Lady of what Penance I had undergone for an Hour, and related to her all the Discourse, and she frankly told me, that the condition I was in would rather provoke Compassion than Envy; but she reserv'd her Pity for the future, for she foresaw my Unhappiness would not end presently; for  
Sir



Sir *Formal*, according to his method, having given me a Taste of his Wit, would certainly pursue me with his Favours. I took this presage of the Lady's for an ill Omen, and as I had already receiv'd the true Marks of the Beast from *Valeria*, it possess'd me with so invincible a Hatred to his Person, that I believe all the Persuasions in the World could not prevail with me to be civil to him, if he came to visit me; which he failed not of doing in two Days after. It happen'd to my great Consolation, that *Valeria* was with me when he came into the Room; he saluted us both with his usual Parade of Ceremonies, and applauded us for our Ingenuity, and great Wisdom in employing ourselves in Work; for (saith he) it diverts young Ladies from thinking on the Town Intrigues, which so much corrupts the Youth of our Age; and my Advice is, Ladies (saith he) to continue in this Method you have so happily begun. This methodical old Coxcomb, that always went as regular as a Pendulum, imagin'd all the World either were, or ought to be of his unpleasant humour, but he was much mistaken in us, for tho we never pleaded for a Criminal Liberty, we hated Form, and slavish observations of old Customs, and what our Inclinations led us to, that we generally gratified ourselves in.

But .

(by

But to return to Sir *Formal* (who fail'd not of making his Character good) he made Love to me in a manner quite different from other Men, for he much enlarg'd on his own Virtues, Merits, and upon the Conquests he had made, and mightily extoll'd his good Fortune and Moderation: giving us to understand that he was a great Philosopher, had studied self-denial the most of any Man. I heard him with much Patience, for the Knight being taken up wholly with his own good Qualities, I found I had nothing more to do, than to hearken to him, and this first Visit was the only diverting one I ever had from him, for his Entertainment was absolutely new. My Mother was gone abroad when he first came in, but his Visits being of the usual Longitude of six Hours, he was not gone before she return'd home: He no sooner saw her, but began a long winded Discourse of his own Excellencies, and after he had entertain'd her thus for some time, he ask'd my Mother, if she had no design to marry her Daughter, saying that he knew a Man of Quality, and of a great Estate, without Incumbrances, was fallen desperately in Love with her. My Mother reply'd, that I being very young, she had no thoughts of disposing of me yet; and besides, so few were happy in that case, that she could not persuade me to alter my Condition, for the observation she had made (by the sad Experience of some of her Friends)

that

that few Men lov'd their Wives so well as their Mistresses, and that Marriage quite alter'd the Constitution of their Souls; and as faint-like, complaisant and obliging as they appear'd during their Courtship, they became Tyrants instead of Husbands, and did so ill use their Power, that they treat-ed their Wives like Slaves, and had not that Tendernefs and Affection for them as might be justly expected.

Sir *Formal* thought my Mother entertain-ed too severe an Opinion of the ill Treat-ment of Men to their Wives; and did assure her, that this Person he mention'd, had thoughts too tender and generous to use a Wife like a Slave: And to be short, gave her to understand, that himself was the individual Person that would render me happy. But my Mother's Sentiments were so conformable to my own, that she gave him no Encouragement to hope, that his Love would be agreeable to my Inclinations. At last he took his leave with these comfortable Words, that he would of-ten wait on me. Sir *Formal*, to shew him-self a Man of his Word, came often indeed to see me, tho' he was as often told, I was not at Home, or had Company with me; but his Success was the same, for my A-verseion increas'd by his continual Importu-nity of persuading me to Marriage, the very Thought was enough to make me swoon; and his fulsom Letters compleat-

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ed

ed my Hatred ; for never was so soft a Passion as Love so ill express'd, as what came from the Pen of Sir *Formal*. This Mortification continued at least three Months, notwithstanding the frequent Denials he had both from my Mother and myself. But one day it came into my mind to put a Trick upon him, for he had often told me, that Ladies of the best Quality were in Love with him, and that every Day he receiv'd *Billet Deux* from 'em, but slighted their Kindness for my sake. I had no sooner contriv'd a way how to fathom him, and try how real his Love was to me, but I went to *Valeria*, and acquainted her with my Design, who was so kind as to approve of it, saying, he deserv'd to be us'd scurvily ; though she made some few Objections at first, for fear we should injure our own Reputation in it, but I alledg'd so many Reasons, and so well satisfied her, that we ran no hazard in this matter, that I brought my Friend to comply with me.

I have not leisure to continue my Narration, by reason of some business that obliges me to go out ; but if *Indamora* is not surfeited with the recital of Sir *Formal's* Amour, I can assure you I am, and shall make all the haste I can possible, to disengage myself from so nauseous a subject. I am,

*My dearest Indamora,*

*Your Friend and Servant,*

Lindamira.

C

LET-



## L E T T E R   I V .

**I**Mmediately I set my self to compose a Letter, my dear *Indamora*, as from a Lady much charm'd with the Eloquence of Sir *Formal*; who being under some Restrictions, cou'd not find out a more convenient place, for an Hour's Conversation, than at the Play-House; therefore desired him to meet her there betimes in the Pit, before any Company came, that she might have the more Freedom of telling him the Secrets of her Soul. She described her Clothes, which were rich and genteel, and yet was as great a snare to him, as to any young fluttering Beau in Town. This Letter I sent by a trusty Messenger, that I was sure he receiv'd it, and did believe he wou'd not fail a fair Lady at the place of Rendezvous.

In the Afternoon I dress'd up *Iris* in the same Clothes I had describ'd: This young Girl had a great deal of Wit, and therefore I thought her a fit Person to banter the Knight. *Valeria* and my self had dress'd ourselves like Women that had no design of making of Conquests; this Contrivance of ours we imparted to a Gentleman that was related to me, in whose Discretion I much confided. We all went in a Coach to the Play, but *Iris* and Mr. L—— went out first,  
for

for he was to conduct her in, and to sit behind her, as one that had no knowledge of her; he order'd the Coach to drive to the Door contrary to that *Valeria* and I came in at: when we were in the Pit, there was only our own Company, but in six Minutes after, we see Sir *Formal Trifle* enter. It was not difficult for him to imagine who was his fair Captive, and to her he directed his steps, and sets himself by her. *Valeria* and my self were at some convenient distance from 'em, so that we could not distinctly hear him, but by his Gestures and Vehemence we soon imagin'd his Heart was caught; for he was deeply engag'd in a very earnest Discourse with her, and as she since related it to me, Sir *Formal* expressed himself very passionately to her, and importun'd very earnestly to see her Face, which she not granting, he prest her more earnestly, and beg'd she wou'd meet him at some other place, where he might with more freedom tell her, how much he was in Love with her; for of all the Women I ever convers'd with (which are of the best Quality) I never was pleas'd with any one's Wit, so much as yours, dear Madam.

*Iris* return'd his Praises with great Applauses of his Merits, which had wrought this wonderful effect in her Heart, and nothing but the difficulty of going out alone, (for she was under the Eye and Guardianship of an old Uncle) cou'd prevent her giving her self

the Honour of his Conversation another time. The old Amoret, was transported with these charming Words, and at her Obligingness, that in three Nights she wou'd meet at the place agreed upon, tho' she ran the hazard of her Uncle's Displeasure, but requested of him to leave her as soon as the Play began; the Joy he felt in his Soul, for this kind promise of the unknown Lady, was visible in his Face, for he departed full of the Thoughts of his being belov'd, and consequently shou'd be better treated than he was by me.

But whilst *Iris* was engag'd with Sir *Formal*, *Valeria* and myself met with very good Entertainment; for tho' we thought our ordinary Dress wou'd have secur'd us from any diversion of that sort, yet it was not our good Fortune to escape so; to my lot there fell a spruce Officer, who, for an Amusement, exercis'd his Wit in talking to one that little understood it; he said a thousand obliging things, to perswade me he was charm'd with me, and believ'd I was not a Person so mean as I appear'd by my Dress; for he was certain, that under my Masque there was much Youth and Beauty. I must confess, that this sort of Banter was not displeasing to me, tho' I had not Vanity enough to believe I merited the Praises he gave me: Yet I was delighted with what he said, for he spoke his words with so good a Grace, and there appear'd so much  
good

good humour in his Countenance, that I thought it was no Crime to encourage the Conversation of one who seem'd so deserving. He ask'd me several Questions about indifferent things, which I had the good fortune to answer pertinently enough, and this confirm'd him (he said) in the high opinion he had of my Ingenuity. But since he had form'd an Idea of me in my Masque, that I was sensible did not belong to me, I thought it prudent, not to convince him of his Error, and tho' he used abundance of pretty Arguments, to let him see some part of my Face, yet all his Rhetorick was in vain; at length seeing he could not perswade me to gratify his request, when the Play was almost done, Madam, cries he, you'll at least condescend to grant me one civil Petition, and that is, to suffer me to write to you. This request I thought more unreasonable than the other, for then I apprehended he must come to a further knowledge of me; I believe he partly guess'd at my thoughts, and without giving me leave to explain myself, he told me his Letters should be left at any Shop, or Place I thought fit, directed to any one I pleas'd, and by what Name I thought good, and he wou'd give me a Direction to write to him, and by this means we might hold a Correspondence, which would be extreme delightful on his side.



I do ingenuously confess to you, *Indamora*, that this Proposition pleas'd me infinitely, for I was so much charm'd with his Conversation, that I form'd in my mind no little pleasure, from so agreeable a Commerce: At last I resolv'd to grant his humble sute, upon Condition he would not follow me out of the Play-house, nor ever make any Enquiry, who I was, if I did correspond with him; he promis'd an implicit obedience, and at my request to be gone as soon as the Play was done.

But 'tis time to say something of the Adventure that *Valeria* had, whose Fortune was not so good as mine; for the Spark that apply'd himself to her was of a different humour from Colonel *Harnando*. His Wit was abusive, and full of Detraction, and the common scurrilous Banter of pawning Clothes for Tobacco and Brandy; which it seems is a Science that some are great Proficients in; she not being us'd to that sort of Discourse, was much offended at him, and her Anger so improv'd his Fancy, that he run on at a most extravagant rate, and ceas'd not tormenting her till the Play began, and then he left her, (as he said) to shift for herself.

As soon as the Play was ended, and the Crowd pretty well dispers'd, we went out, and Mr. Z—— who was our Champion, took care of us and *Iris*, who had perswaded the Knight to leave her as soon as the

the Actors appear'd on the Stage: When we came home she gave us a full Relation of the Conquest her Eyes had made, and how many amorous things this libidinous Knight had said to her of his Impatience of seeing her; which she had promised to grant in three Nights, and that he had given a very advantageous Character of himself, for it seems nothing would put him out of his old method. We had a great deal of laughing about him; and to carry on the Jest farther, concluded *Iris* should send him a *Billet-Doux* to this purpose.

That being inform'd (since she last saw him) that he courted a Lady of a considerable Fortune, whose Youth and Beauty far exceeded hers, she cou'd not flatter herself so much as to think he would relinquish his Pretensions for her sake; and she not being of a humour to be content with part of his Heart, chose rather to continue in that unhappy State she was in, than be made more miserable by knowing she had so fair a Rival; that to prevent a greater Ill, she wou'd endeavour to withdraw her Affections from him, believing it not possible for him to be guilty of an Infidelity to the Lady he lov'd; and she wou'd conceal from him the little Beauty that she has, lest he should quite repent him of the kindness he had for her in her Masque; and therefore begg'd his Pardon for the Disappointment. In the Postscript she told him, that

if he pleas'd to write, how he might direct to her. This Letter I sent by the Penny Post, the Morning she was to meet him. But the Day after this Adventure at the Play, Sir *Formal* made his Visit to me, and *Valeria* was there at the same time, for we were both full of Expectation of having an Account of his Intrigue with the Lady in the Masque: and he fail'd not of recounting to us, how much a Young Lady of Quality was in Love with him, and that she had writ to him, to meet her at a Friend's House, (which he could not refuse,) and that she exprest to him the most tender and passionate things in the World; but for your sake, fair *Lindamira* (said he) I have dash'd all her hopes, by telling her of the Pre-engagement of my Affection to a Lady I shou'd suddenly marry. Though I knew every Syllable of this to be false, yet I had not patience to hear him when he talk'd of Marriage, and I should rather have chose to have been shut up in some horrible Vault with Ghosts and Hobgoblins, Screech-Owls, and Bats, than to have been the Bride of so nauseous, and so disagreeable a Man: At last I interrupted him, telling him that I thought I had never given him any ground to hope I wou'd ever be his Bride, or at least it was not my design to favour the deceit, and if the Young Lady cou'd dissemble Love so well, as to perswade him into a Belief so contrary to Reason, he wou'd do

do well to snap at her Heart, whilst she was in so good a humour to let him take it. And as there is no Reason, why some love Blew, others Red, Green, or Yellow, so 'twas not to be wondred that she shou'd like what was my Averfion. But Sir *Formal* cou'd not bear the reproach of the Ladies want of Judgment, but said 'twas no contemptible thing to be Sir *Formal Trifle's* Lady. Then they that are fond of the Title (said I) you ought to honour with it: but since I had convers'd with Colonel *Harnando*, he seem'd more insupportable to me than ever; and to pass away the time, I call'd to *Iris* to bring us some Coffee, for the Clock had struck but four times since he came in; when it was brought to me, I could not but in Civility offer him some, which he readily accepted, and being Paralytick, and the Dish very full, and the Coffee scalding hot, he spilt it all upon his Shins, which made 'em smart excessively: we could not help laughing at the unlucky accident, and ill nature prevail'd so far, that we knew not when to give over; which much enrag'd the Knight, and put him out of Humour: But at last I told him a remedy, to hold his Shins to the Fire, for one Fire wou'd drive out another; and it wou'd be the best Expedient he cou'd use, to perswade himself to love this Young Lady of Quality to drive me out of his thoughts, for which I should be eternally oblig'd to him. But the Anguish he was in, put him in a Fret, and in a great



Pet he left us, before the six Hours were expir'd. His absence always gave me great relief, for he still took care, so to mortify me with his long inconsistent Speeches, that they were Days of Jubilee with me when he did not come. As soon as he was gone, *Valeria* asked me, if this was not the Evening that I was to receive a Letter from Colonel *Harnando*? which was then out of my thoughts, and I sent a Messenger away immediately to the place assign'd for the receiving of it; and with some Impatiency waited the return of the Messenger, believing the Colonel would have forfeited his word, but found him, to be one, that was very punctual to his Promise, which the quick return of him I sent confirm'd me in, when he presented me with this following Letter.

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Colonel *Harnando* to  
*Lindamira*.

*Madam,*

**I** Am, so far convinc'd, that nothing can equal my Fair Unknown, that 'tis impossible for me to entertain any other Notions of you, than what are highly advantageous to your Honour and Reputation. Be kind, my Charming Fair, and deliver me out of this  
Perplexity,

Perplexity, that I may know on whom I have bestow'd my Heart, and fix'd my Thoughts entirely: were you but half so impatient to know your Captive, as I am to know my fair Conqueror, you wou'd out of a Sentiment of Generosity discover to me, what I so ardently desire. You tell me, Madam, that my Letter shall be answered, which gives me some faint hopes, that you will conceal your self no longer from the Knowledge of,

*Madam,*

*Your most faithful Admirer,*

*Hernando.*

I read this Letter over several times, and tho' I was much pleas'd with the Frolick, yet I could not harbour so mean an opinion of the Colonel's Wit, to believe he cou'd have any affection for one, that he had only seen in a Masque; and as I wou'd give him no occasion to reproach me, with being worse than my word, I concluded upon sending him this Answer, which *Valeria* approv'd to be enough to the purpose.

*Lindamira.*

*Lindamira to Colonel  
Harnando.*

S I R,

**I** Think myself extreme happy in the good Opinion you have of me, and I should be infinitely to blame, shou'd I convince you of the Error you are in, which is so much to my Advantage, that tho' I have Youth, (which I hope will extenuate my Folly) yet the little Beauty I have, (shou'd you see it) wou'd oblige you to make Vows against your passing your Judgment on a Masque for the future. You have by this Artifice of Writing, prevail'd with me to discover my Ignorance, to a Person who is so good a Judge of Wit; and am liable to your Censure, which pray let be as favourable as possible; and grant this Petition to your Friend and Servant,

*Incognito.*

I sent this Answer by the Penny-Post, what Effects it produc'd you shall know in my next.

*I am, my Dear Indamora,*

*Your sincere Friend and Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

LET

## LETTER V.

**B**EFORE I proceed any further concerning the Colonel, my dearest *Indamora*, I must make a Digression, and give an account of the Resentments of the Knight, who left me that Night much dissatisfied with the Treatment he receiv'd: And tho' the Accident was not intentionally on my side, yet he was highly displeas'd that I laugh'd, when I ought to have pitied his Misfortune; and being in great Wrath with me, he return'd a very kind Answer to the masqu'd Lady, which gave me much Diversion, as without Difficulty you will imagine.

According to his Custom he came to visit me, I was more complaisant than ordinary, on purpose to bring about the Discourse of the Lady of Quality. He told me, notwithstanding the ill Usage he had receiv'd from me, that nothing cou'd shake his Constancy; and though he had receiv'd a Letter from the Lady, yet he would not give her another Meeting (as she desir'd) till he knew of a certainty, whether or no I would vouchsafe him the Blessing of being his Co-Partner in all his worldly Goods. I answer'd him without any Hesitation, that to be his Wife was to be of all Women the most accurs'd; and  
if



if he pleas'd, he might let the Lady know, that I laid no claim to his Heart.

Sir *Formal* receiv'd with Indignation this Answer, for he had very high thoughts of his own Merits, and told me that his Birth, Person and Estate, might challenge a kinder Treatment than what he receiv'd from me: to this purpose he chattered a long time, but I return'd him no Answer; and to my Relief there came some Ladies to have me to *Hide-Park*, where I thought the Air extreme refreshing; for his Company and his Tobacco together had almost tired me.

But when I return'd at Night I found a Letter from the Colonel, which was obliging, passionate and kind; he us'd many Arguments to persuade me into a Belief, that he was real in his Pretensions, and that I had a great Ascendant over his Heart, and was yet more impatient to see me than ever.

Tho' I was charm'd with his Wit, yet I receiv'd all he said as things that proceeded more from his *Exuberant* Brain than his Heart, and that these Letters or the same Expressions, had been said to twenty Women before me; however I sent him an Answer that gave him as little Information who I was, as my first did, and express'd as little desire to know him, but he might well enough see, I was not displeas'd at the Correspondence, which encourag'd him to continue, till such time as an Accident broke it off.

During

During the time of this Diverſion, I reſolv'd the next time that Sir *Formal* came, to make him ſenſible that I knew him to be a vain, pragmatich, conceited Coxcomb; and that I wou'd confute him by his own Letters, that he had not related one word of Truth concerning his new Miſtreſs; and in order thereto, I gave Directions to *Iris* what ſhe ſhou'd do when he came, for I made no ſcruple to affront one, who had quite tired me out with his Impertinencies.

When he came (which was not long firſt) I ſent to *Valeria* to be witneſs of his Looks and Actions. After he had been with me an Hour, *Iris* came haſtily to me, and brought me a Letter, ſaying, that a Porter ſtay'd for an Answer, and out of a pretence of Civility, I asked Sir *Formal*'s Leave to read it before him, which he aſſented to. When I open'd it, I found another incloſed, and directed for Madam *Price*, which I ſeem'd much to wonder at; when I had read my own, I read that, and giving it to *Valeria*, See, there *Valeria*, (ſaid I) how conſtant Sir *Formal* is to me; this is he, that nothing could ſhake his Conſtancy! The Knight ſeem'd much amaz'd, but I believe he gueſs'd he was betrayed, and ask'd me coldly, why I reproach'd him with Inconſtancy? I do not alledge it as a Crime to you, Sir *Formal*, (ſaid I) for nothing can pleaſe me better, than to find you what I ever wiſh'd you, that is, full of Falſhood and Diſingenuity; but to prevent your Excuse  
in

in this matter, I will read to *Valeria* the Two Letters.

*Madam,*

I Once thought myself happy in the entire Affections of Sir *Formal Trifle*, who solemnly swore to me, that he lov'd none but me; and when I was upon the point of resigning up my Heart to him, I heard he is a Pretender to yourself: Be so sincere, *Madam*, as to let me know the Truth, which if it be as Fame reports, I will never see him more. I can only reproach myself with the too easy Belief of the Vows and Asseverations that drew me into this Snare.

*I am,*

*Madam, Your Servant,*

Whilst I read this Letter, *Valeria* observ'd the Uneasiness he was in, and wou'd have prevented my reading the other, which were in these Terms.

*Dear*

*Dear Soul,*

**Y**OU unjustly tax me with want of Love, which is so great, that I am in Admiration of my self, to find the Magick there is in that Passion ; which has receiv'd an additional Recruit, by your Jealousie of Madam R—— to whom I have no Pretensions in the least ; but as she is Young and Fair, I love to trifle away a few Hours with her, but all my Happiness centers in you, my lovely Angel. Let nothing hinder me from enjoying your Company, which is so ardently wish'd by, Madam,

*Your most Obsequious, most*

*Humble Servant, F. T.*

I think I never saw a Man look so like an Ass as Sir *Formal* did, for he had not Presence of Mind to evade the thing, by pretending his Hand was counterfeited, or that it was a Trick put upon him to try his Sincerity ; but his Looks betray'd him, and being conscious of his Fault, he made but slender Excuses : And that Eloquence, he had so often boasted, stood him in little stead ; so that all he could say for himself, when I represented to him how unfaithfully he had related his Intrigue with the Lady, and that no body cou'd confide in any thing he said, was, that he always spoke



spoke *Ænigmatically*, that it was his constant Method, and if it was not grateful to my Humour, he should not put himself out of his way, to please the little Pretenders of this Age.

I seem'd to resent the Affront put upon me, that he came to see me only to trifle away a few Hours, which he excus'd so foolishly, that I plainly perceiv'd, that if he was put out of his Road, he was the most empty shallow Monster in the Universe.

After a long Parly on both sides, Sir *Formal* took leave of me, saying it had been better for him, had he never seen my Face: I was not curious to pry into this Mystery, but bad him heartily Farewel; wishing him good success with the Ladies of Quality. The charming musical Sound of his Adieu, fill'd my Heart full of Joy, but he only banish'd himself for six Weeks; during which Cessation, I shall acquaint you with things more remarkable, and more worthy of your Knowledge.

You may remember, my Dear *Indamora*, that in my first Letter I mention'd one Mr. S—— who was an Admirer of *Valeria*, whom you shall know by the Name of *Silvanus*; this Gentleman had a good Estate equivalent to her Fortune; he had many excellent Qualities, that serv'd to recommend him to her Affections, their Loves were reciprocal, and in all Human appearance, they might live happy after Marriage, for their Humours were agreeable,

agreeable, and so was their Age. After six Months Courtship, *Silvanus* prevail'd with *Valeria* to be married, and tho' she esteem'd him very much (and indeed he was a Person that merited all things) yet 'twas with much Difficulty she consented to his Proposals, for her Liberty she prefer'd at a high rate; but at last the Wedding-Day was appointed, and I had the Honour to be one of her Bride-Maids: this Marriage happen'd, during the blessed Truce. I had from the Importunity of Sir *Formal*; there was nothing remarkable at the Wedding, which was consummated with much Satisfaction to all her Friends.

About a Week after, *Silvanus* wou'd have *Valeria* to the New Play, and me to accompany her thither, we both of us had the advantage of fine Cloaths, and good Dressing to set us off; but my Dear *Valeria* had many advantages over me, for she was very lovely and full of Charms, and the Addition of fine Jewels, made her out-shine Persons of the greatest Quality. *Silvanus* plac'd us in the King's Box, and went himself into the Pit, but before the Play was begun, I discover'd amongst the Croud, Colonel *Harnando*, the sight of him gave me such a Disturbance, that I wish'd my self out of the House a Thousand times, for *Valeria* being so gloriously drest, that she attracted the Eyes of all the Beaus in the Pit. I setting next to her could not escape being look'd upon, and being conscious of my own Weakness, was afraid I should

should betray myself by my Looks, to be the Person that corresponded with him: he fix'd his Eyes much upon me, which both pleas'd me, and gave me great Inquietudes; for so capricious is Love, that I was uneasy if he look'd on me, fearing he might dislike me, and then again I wish'd he might be pleas'd with me; but a sudden Thought came into my Mind, that all Women in general were pleasing to him; so that if he look'd that way, or turn'd his Eyes another, I was dissatisfied with him; that all he could do, wou'd not please me. But I had this private Satisfaction of seeing him, that took up all my Thoughts, and of being seen by him, and yet he to be ignorant that I was there in view of him. He seem'd that Day more lovely than the first time I saw him, but whether it was, that I sate more to the Advantage of seeing him, or that the good opinion I had of him, made me partial in my Judgment, I voted him to be the handsomest in all the Place; and I wish'd as much to know who he was, as 'twas possible for him to know me: But my Soul was full of Prophetick Fears, that I was not the only Woman he lov'd. When I came home, I enquir'd of *Silvanus* who the Colonel was, whom I describ'd by his Cloaths, he presently inform'd me that he was a Man of Quality, that he was lately married to a Rich Widow, and that they did not live very happily together: that he was a great Professor of Gallantry, and a very Amorous Man. This  
News

News struck my Heart like a Thunder-bolt, for then I knew I had more than a common Esteem for him : 'twas that time, my *Indamora*, that I stood in need of all my Reason, Prudence and Discretion, to hide from *Silvanus* the Agitations of my Soul ; I reproach'd my self often for my Indiscretion, in believing what he said to me, which was in words so tender, that they wrought a greater Effect upon my Heart than they ought. When I was alone with *Valeria*, I complain'd of my hard Fate, that I should love a Man not worthy of my Affections, because of his Pre-engagement, and I could not without Offence to my own Honour and Reputation, continue my Correspondence with him : So I took a full Resolution, to write to him but once more, to represent to him his Crime and his Folly, which I did the next Night. What follow'd after I will acquaint you in my next. I am, my dearest *Indamora*, Your

*Most Faithful Humble*

*Servant, Lindamira.*

LET-



## L E T T E R VI.

**I** Must ingenuously confess to you, my dear *Indamora*, that I was sensibly afflicted at the Discovery I made of the Colonel's Infidelity, of whom I had conceiv'd very high Thoughts. I could not in all this time, persuade myself to discover to him who I was, yet I was concern'd that he should think that Women-kind were so easy of Belief. But what can I say to extenuate my Fault? I was young and unexperienc'd in the Arts of Love, and abandon'd my Thoughts too much, in the Contemplation of his Merits. For *Harnando* had all the Advantages of a fine Education, and his Person was charming, and that which pleas'd me most, I thought him neither Fop, nor Beau. Several Letters had pass'd between us, which prov'd so pernicious to my Repose; and I could not disguise my Sentiments so well, but that he might plainly see, I was not insensible of his Affections. 'Tis needless to send you more than this one Letter, that I receiv'd the Day after I had seen him at the Play.

*Harnando*

*Harnando to Lindamira.*

**I** Love too fondly not to be perplext with deep Despair, since your obdurate Heart will never yield to let me know, who 'tis has robb'd me of my Repose. This is a Misfortune not to be supported; for, my dearest Love, my Soul is so fondly fix'd on you, that I cannot bear a Denial of what I so much wish. Your obliging Concern for my Indisposition, has so link'd my Soul to yours, that you can never doubt my Kindness: Ill-usage alone will make me smother what I feel. My dearest Life, after what I have so often profess'd, will you deny me a sight of that Face, I believe so divinely Fair; let me conjure you to heal the Wounds you have given, and repent of your Unkindness, and command my Life.

*Adieu.*

This Letter wrought a contrary Effect to all the former; for, whereas those used to fill my Heart full of Joy, at the reading of this I was seiz'd with a violent Grief, and Shame and Confusion was seen diffused all over my Face; I look'd upon myself as a Criminal, believing I might possibly have alienated his Affections from his Lady, who was a deserving Person;

Person; I found I lov'd him, and represented to myself the danger in loving one already married, tho' all might be cloak'd under the Name of Friendship; and fearing my Opinion should alter, and knowing the Imbecillity of my Nature, as well as the Power he had gain'd over my Inclination, I sent him that Night this Letter.

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*Lindamira to Colonel  
Harnando.*

**I**S it possible, that after so many Vows of an eternal Fidelity, you can be guilty both of Deceit and Perjury? tho' alas you deceiv'd me, that adds not to your Glory, and these mean Atchievements will not illustrate your Trophies; and false Vows and Oaths will add much to your Reputation! I was ignorant of the Stratagems of Love, and judg'd of your Sincerity by my own, which was incapable of a Deceit or Trick. What Satisfaction cou'd you propose, in a reciprocal Affection with me, that had already plighted your Faith in the Presence of Man and Heaven? 'Tis in vain to deny that once I esteem'd you, but you have taught me so much Repentance, by misplacing my Affections,

ons, that I may say, I owe more to your Crime, than to my own Reason, for the Cure of a Passion that might have proved so pernicious to my Reputation. But thanks to Heaven I am unknown to you, and shall forever let you remain in Ignorance; send me no more Letters, for I have solemnly sworn, never to answer them.

*Adieu.*

You may perhaps wonder, my dear Friend, at my fantastical Humour, in permitting *Hernando* to love me, and yet I conceal'd from his Knowledge who I was; but I was so nicely scrupulous, that I apprehended if once he knew me, it would lessen his Esteem, and the manner of our Acquaintance wou'd make him Harbour mean Thoughts of me: and tho' it was the only Frolick I was ever guilty of in that nature, yet I thought he would imagine it was my usual Pastime.

So ambitious was I of his good Opinion, and tho' I sometimes half consented in my own Thoughts to meet him, at some Friend's House, yet I was unalterable in my Denials; and 'twas happy for me: for he had so engaging and obliging a way of expressing himself, that I should have abandon'd my Heart to the Power of my Destiny, and not found it so easy a matter, to have cur'd myself of a Passion, which on my side was grounded on

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Virtue.



Virtue. I soon gain'd that Victory over my self, that I may say he imploy'd my Thoughts, but was a stranger to my Heart.

I receiv'd several Letters from him, wherein he expostulated with me, that Souls being free-born, they ought not to be enslav'd by foolish Customs, and if I had ever permitted him to have seen me, he would have acquainted me with his whole Life and Fortune; but I return'd him no more Answers, and being quite tir'd out with writing, he left off corresponding, and I believe engag'd himself in a new Amour.

You have, by the Influence of your Commands, drawn from me a Secret, that none but my dear *Valeria* knew, of whose Discretion I was so much assur'd, that to *Silvanus* I was confident she never spoke of it. But, my dear *Indamora*, one Misfortune seldom comes alone, for I was now to lose my dear Companion, who, at her Husband's Request, was preparing for the Country, his Relations having earnestly invited him, to congratulate with him his Happiness with *Valeria*. I esteem'd him, as he was worthy in himself, but more as he was the Husband of my dearest Friend.

The news of her Departure extreamly afflicted me, for I had no Friend in whom I cou'd confide, or that was capable of giving me Advice like to her self: but before she went, I was tormented with the returns of a Love-fit from Sir *Formal*, who was born to be a Vexation to me; and that which added to my

my Grief, was, that 'twas never known he had been so constant to any one as to my self, and 'twas believ'd, he had a real Passion for me, notwithstanding the ill Usage he receiv'd from me; but after the Marriage of *Valeria*, I was more abroad than ever I had been, for she telling me we were not like to enjoy one another long, she oblig'd me to be with her continually, and by this means I was often deliver'd from the fulsome Love of one I hated: my Mother who was always very indulgent to me, and perceiving I grew melancholy told me, that if I had a mind, I shou'd go to my Grandmother's for two or three Months, who had a pleasant and delightful Seat in the Country. She said to me, now that your Friend is going out of Town, it will no longer seem a Place of Pleasure to you; and also knowing it was the best way to get rid of Sir *Formal* (which nothing else wou'd do) I was well enough pleas'd with the Proposition; but when my Mother said she could not go with me, I very unwillingly consented to the Journey, for I was never so easie, and so pleas'd, as when I was under my Mother's Care.

But when the time came that *Valeria* and I must part, and I found how hard it was to bear the Absence of a Friend, I almost repented me I had ever lov'd her; and then I should never have known the misery of being from a Person, that is one's Soul's Delight. But she was less wretched than I was, because she went with a Husband that was infinitely

fond of her; but why should I dwell on a Subject that made me so melancholy, and not entertain you with my Adventures, that perhaps may be more diverting to you. One Evening I went with *Valeria* and *Silvanus* to walk in the Park, and in the Dark-Walk we encountred Colonel *Harnando*. He saluted *Silvanus*, and congratulated his Happiness; he was oblig'd to present *Valeria* to him, and I being in the Company he also saluted me: this unexpected Adventure had like to have produc'd but bad Effects; for all on a sudden I was quite dis-spirited, and I had like to have fainted away, which *Valeria* perceiving, pull'd me by the Sleeve, and bid me go along with her; we left the two Sparks a talking, and *Silvanus* told me afterwards, that *Harnando* asked my Name, and was very scrutinous in his Enquiry of me, but he only gave him this Answer, That I was a particular Friend of *Valeria's*: I know not what excjted him to this Curiosity, whether it was through Sympathy of our former Amours, or out of a natural Curiosity to know the Name of a new Face, but his Enquiry very much perplex'd me. We had not walk'd twice the length of that Walk, but hard by the Bird-Cage, we met *Philander*, and he having forgot his Resolution of traveling, as he promis'd when he parted last from me, accosted me with his usual Gaiety, and flutt'ring way: He engag'd himself in a Discourse with *Valeria* and myself, and so walk'd along with us; I asked him if  
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the Park had not been the furthest extent of his travels, for I cou'd not imagine, that in so short a time, since I saw him, that he had cross'd the Seas twice; he reply'd pleasantly, that being banish'd from my Presence, it had the same effect on him, as if he had travel'd all the World over; and in Obedience to my severe Commands, he had endeavour'd to forget me, tho' with much Difficulty and Reluctance he had attempted it; but if I wou'd please to give him leave to wait on me, I should find him the most obsequious of my Servants; after this manner did he entertain us till we came out of the Park.

But the next Day Sir *Formal*, according to his Method, came to wait on me, and was very importunate with my Mother to lay her Commands on me to Imarry him; but my Mother's Dislike to him was as great as mine, and she flatly refus'd his Propositions, and civilly desired him to withdraw from her House; but he would go on in his way, and would not balk his Method for any one's Pleasure: Therefore did I resolve to go into the Country to be rid of his Importunity, and *Valeria* being gone, I may say, the Town all on a sudden became a Desert. I prepar'd my self therefore for my Journey, and never spoke a word of my Intentions to Sir *Formal*, but Places were taken in the Stage-Coach for *Iris* and my self. I had no regret in leaving the Town, but upon the account of my Mother, to whom in my Absence I ever fear'd



some Accident or other might happen, she being very sickly. The grief was Great on both sides to part, but with much ado we did, and went to our Coach, where we were told, that at *Hghgate* we should take up two Passengers.

What happened to me in my Journey, my dear *Indamora*, I will acquaint you in my next, tho' I believe I have formerly told you the Adventure; but since you desire a History of my Life, I will not omit the least Circumstance that is of Moment; and I hope some time or other you will repay me with an Account of your own Life, which is a mixture of such variety of Fortune, that it will oblige me to be acquainted with the Particulars, which I can only know from yourself. And as I am a passionate Lover of my *Indamora*, I may challenge this Favour, as due to the Friendship I have for her: Who am most entirely her

*Friend and Servant,*

Lindamira.

*The End of the First Part of the Adventures  
of Lindamira.*

T H E

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THE  
 Second Part  
 OF THE  
 ADVENTURES  
 OF  
*LINDAMIRA.*

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LETTER VII.

THE parting from my Mother, my dear *Indamora*, was a very great Affliction to me, and I had scarce dry'd up my Tears when I came to *Highgate*, where the Coachman was to take in two Passengers more; he stoppt at the House according to Order, and there came into the Coach two Gentlemen; one of 'em a very grave sort of a Man, and pretty well advanc'd in Years: The other in

the Prime of his Youth, of a graceful, winning Behaviour. He was of a middle Size, exactly well-shap'd, his Hair brown, a good Complexion, sparkling Eyes, and the whole Composure of his Face was lovely: There was an invincible Charm in every thing he said or did, and his extraordinary good Breeding added much to his natural Beauty.

I have, my *Indamora*, given you a full Description of his Person; but to complete his Character, I must not omit the Excellencies of his Mind; tho' at my first Acquaintance, you may suppose, I did not make a full Discovery of 'em. He was of an equal Temper, had a passionate and tender Soul, he was incapable of the least Envy or Slander, nor would he be guilty of a base Action, to purchase the greatest Fortune imaginable: tho' he was Owner of many Virtues, he did not affect to discover his Perfections, but to those he was very familiar with: In short, besides his Mastership of the antient and modern Languages, he had a sound and solid Judgment. I might ascribe many Virtues more to him, but I have said enough of *Cleomidon* to make you know him.

The first Day's Journey I exchang'd but few Words with him; for my Eyes were so swollen with crying, that I had not Assurance enough to look him in the Face, nor was it possible for me that Night to have given a Description of his Person. The next Day he entertain'd me with very diverting, ingenious

nious sort of Discourse, and seem'd to bear a share in the Concern I exprest to leave my Mother, telling me, it was necessary sometimes to part from our Friends, to endear us the more when we meet; that Absence help'd to quicken, and sharpen our Affections, and till we come to know the want of a Friend, we did not know how to value him. He was very entertaining and agreeable upon this Occasion; and since I have oblig'd my self to discover my most secret Sentiments to you, I thought him a Person that merited my Esteem: but having a strong Fancy, or rather an unquiet sort of an Apprehension, that *Cleomidon* was married, I durst not give way to admire those Excellencies I discover'd in him; for I had not forgot my unhappy Affection for the Colonel. The next Night, when we were just arriv'd at our Inn, we saw a Coach, with a Gentleman and his Wife, enter the Yard: *Cleomidon* accidentally seeing of 'em, went up to 'em, and saluted 'em; they prov'd to be his intimate Friends, who were going to *London*; and there being not any likely-hood of meeting a long time, *Cleomidon* invited 'em to sup with him; and bespoke a Supper that shew'd the Nobleness of his Mind. He sent me word of his good Fortune, in meeting with his Friends, and desir'd me to give 'em leave to sup with me. This Request I could not handsomly refuse, and therefore went to wait on the Lady in her Chamber, who being left alone, (for her Husband was in another Room



with *Cleomidon*) I found an occasion to mention him ; and this Lady being a Person of a free and open Temper, told me as much of him as she knew ; that he was a Barrister of *Lincolns-Inn*, that his Father and Mother died when he was young, that he had a free, unincumber'd, tho small Estate, that his Uncle (to whom he was going) had educated him as his own, and design'd to leave him all his Estate, when he died, if he pleas'd him in his Marriage ; and that he had sent for him this Vacation, to see a young Lady of a considerable Fortune, but of slender Education.

All this she frankly told me, without the least Question on my side ; as I was glad to hear he was not a married Man, I cou'd not forbear to be concern'd at the News, that he was going to see a Fortune, knowing what invincible Charms there is in Money. This Uneasiness I had in my Mind was unaccountable, nor could I discover why I did interest myself so much in his Affairs : But at Supper I observ'd him, more than I had done before, which confirm'd me in the good opinion I had of him ; for his Freedom and Easiness with his Friends, and his obliging way of entertaining them, extreamly affected me. The next Day, which was the last of our Journey together, *Cleomidon* told me sighing, that it was an unspeakable affliction to him to think, that this was the last Day he was like to be happy in my Company, and that tho he had but a small acquaintance with me, yet he had discover'd something

something in my Humour, that to him was charming. It would be needless to repeat the Compliments that fell from him upon this Article, some of which were so extravagantly pursu'd, that I had reason to doubt if he spoke the Sincerity of his Heart, since he was so liberal of his Incense to a Stranger, and treated me all the while at the Expence of the rest of my Sex. So all this I look'd upon as Gallantry, and the Inclination most young People have. When we came to our Inn at Night, he drew me aside to a Window, that look'd into the Garden, and asked me if I had no mind to take a Walk, for the Air was calm and serene, I refused his Offer, alledging I was tired with my long Journey. He then said to me the most passionate, and most obliging things in the World, assuring me he was charm'd the first Minute he beheld me; that he dated his Captivity from that Interview, that my Tears had wrought a strange Compassion in his Heart, which insensibly gave way to Esteem and Admiration: that he was already become the most passionate, most sincere Lover in the Universe; and tho he dreaded my Anger for this presumptuous Declaration, yet he was willing to undergo the most severe Punishment I could inflict, if I would give him leave to hope one Day he might be happy in my Favour. I must confess my Astonishment was very great, to hear him speak this with so serious an Air; for what he had said to me in the Coach, I ascrib'd to the  
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Gayety of his Temper, but now was convinc'd he had some Affection for me. I had too great an Esteem to be offended at this *Eclaircissement*, I evaded, as much as I could, the answering his Compliments; thinking it necessary to observe those Punctilio's of our Sex, which at the first Discovery of a Passion obliges us to keep our Favour at a distance. I disengag'd myself as soon as possible, and would not give him any farther Opportunity of speaking to me in private that Night. At Supper he said little to me, but let his Eyes speak for him. When News was brought my Grandmother's Coach was come, his Countenance alter'd, and he seem'd extremely troubled; I could not but take notice of the Change I observ'd in his Face, and I found some regret in my own Soul to part from him. But when the next Morning came, he found an Opportunity of representing to me the Greatness of his Passion, and said so many kind and obliging things, that to doubt of his Sincerity, was to suppose him of a base mean Spirit, and that he only said these things for his Amusement: but I had nobler thoughts of one that appear'd so worthy of my Esteem. When I was to go away, he offer'd his Hand to lead me down the Stairs, and then told me, he never was sensible of the Power of Love till now; but then began to feel the Tyranny of it; and beg'd of me by all the kindest, softest Words he could invent, to give him leave to wait on me at my Grandmother's House, for  
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'twas a place he was no stranger to. I apprehended no little danger from his Visits, knowing the Temper of my Grandmother, who was of a very reserv'd Humour, and did not affect much Company: And according to the Genius of most Persons of that Complexion, tho' she was very religious, yet very censorious; for which reason I used all the Arguments I could to divert him from coming. I rendred him all the Acknowledgments that were due to his Merits, and let him understand I was not altogether insensible of his Favours; but as I lay under those Circumstances of being with a Relation of that Humour (for whom I had a great Respect) I beg'd of him to think no more of me; but those Words drew from his Mouth, a thousand Protestations of his Love, and that he wou'd adore me, eternally, though I was so cruel to deny him that Favour.

Then I began to think my Heart in Danger, and I was forc'd to borrow from my Reason all the Arguments it could furnish me with; and already I perceiv'd an Affection that pleaded on his behalf, which made me strive with myself, tho' not without some Reluctancy, to represent to him how disagreeable his Visits would be to me. But here, my *Indamora*, I play'd a down-right Hypocrite, I spoke not the Thoughts of my Heart, for I desir'd nothing more than his charming Conversation; however I durst not consent to what was so agreeable to my Inclinations, and I dreaded a second



cond Engagement, which I thought I ought not to make without the Approbation of my Mother.

On these terms we parted, and I believe the Affliction was as great on my side, tho' I endeavour'd to conceal it with more care. I was receiv'd by my Grandmother with great Civility and Kindness, as also my Uncle and Aunt B— who was there at that time; the next Day they shew'd me all the House and Gardens, and told me they reserv'd one Place more to shew me the next Day, which they did: and because the Knowledge of my Adventures somewhat depends upon a Description of this Place, I will give it you in as concise a manner as I can. 'This House was situated on the Rise of a Hill, at a convenient distance ran a River, which in the Summer-time rendred the Place very delightful; not far from it was a Wood, encompassing some few Acres of Ground, and in the midst of it a Path that led to a little Rivulet, near half a Mile long, and a Row of high Elms on both sides, so that in the midst of the Day, one might walk without the least Inconveniency from the Weather. At the head of this Rivulet was a Well, that was pav'd about with broad Stone, and Benches round, fix'd there for the Ease of those, that out of Curiosity came there to drink of the Water, which had a great Reputation for its extraordinary Sweetness. A few paces from this Well, after some turnings and windings, you come into a little  
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solitary Valley, at the end of which stands a small Cottage, which formerly had been a place of Retirement for a Gentleman that past his Days in Solitude, but now it became the Habitation of some few Peasants.

I was extremely pleas'd with this Rural Scene, and I propos'd to myself to spend some Hours there in an Evening; for I thought it look'd so romantick and pretty, and equal'd the best Descriptions I had ever read on: I exprest my Inclination to it, by my Unwillingness to leave it; which surpriz'd my Uncle and Aunt, who told me, they did not imagine that a *London* Lady could be so diverted with looking on Trees, and in hearing the Birds sing, but were extremely pleas'd at it, in hopes I would make a considerable Stay in the Country.

I began from that time to reflect on the Innocence of a Country Life, and prefer'd it before the empty Noise and Bustle of the Town. I according to this Resolution walk'd out every Evening with only *Iris* with me, to pass some Moments in this Valley, where it was no small Diversion to hear the awkward ill-contriv'd Compliments that the Clowns made on the little Beauty of their Mistresses; and their Piping, Squeeking, and Dancing before 'em, and now and then out of abundance of Love I should see those two-handed Clod-Pates carry home their Milk-Pails for 'em. Thus I diverted myself for a Month, in which time I had heard no news  
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of *Cleomidon*, so that I concluded he was either false, or had repented him of his Weakness, or that the great Fortune of his Uncle's Recommendation, had produced the usual Effects in his Heart, as it does in the rest of Mankind, and made him sacrifice all former Vows and Protestations. Tho' in strict Justice I ought not to have expected it from him, having laid Injunctions on him not to visit me, yet sometimes I wish'd he had not shewn so implicit an Obedience, and that he would have contriv'd some way to let me know I was not indifferent to him; which shortly after he did in a very odd and surprising manner. But I must digress a little before I can acquaint you with this Adventure, that I may make you the better understand the Capriciousness of my Fortune: but as this Letter, my *Indamora*, is already too long, I shall not here engage my self in the Description of some People that I must give you, till I have an opportunity to finish it. Adieu, my dearest *Indamora*.

*I am yours, Lindamira*

L E T-

## L E T T E R VIII.

*My dearest Indamora!*

**I** Have only two People whose Characters I am to acquaint you with, that liv'd in the House with my Grandmother, one of 'em was her Chaplain, a jolly young *Levite*, very amorous, and susceptible of Love; his Conversation not impertinent, and they tell me, he pass'd amongst his Brother *Spintexts* for a Man of very good Parts, and made no small figure at a Country Visitation. The other was a grave Gentlewoman, my Grandmother's everlasting Confident, and tho' she had pass'd the Glory of her Youth, yet she thought her self handsome enough to attract a Lover: Her Complexion was indifferent good, her Skin smooth, her Eyes brisk and lively, which shew'd her to be of a quick apprehension; her Shape, tho' not exact, yet agreeable enough. Her Humour had been very jocose and pleasant, but Love had alter'd her before I knew her; and she put on an affected Seriousness, and was naturally jealous of all her Friends, and did entertain very extravagant Notions of 'em, that were inconsistent with Reason. This Person, I know not for what design, made great Professions of Friendship to me, which I believe proceeded from noble Charity, for I was young  
and



and unexperienc'd, and did not apprehend the Plots and Stratagems that are laid underground to deceive the Innocent, and therefore offered me her Advice, both in the Management of myself, and in my Affairs. I received these marks of her Esteem with all due Acknowledgments, and suffer'd my self to be guided by her Advice, which she was very free of, and wou'd often repeat to me the Sin of giving way to Passion, adding that she herself had been very subject to it, before she had read *Seneca*, and that she owed all her Moderation to that worthy Stoick; that now she could forgive Offences with ease, and despis'd the Arts of envious Tongues, and could bear Detraction and Calumny without concern. These Virtues I highly applauded in her, and thought her a Woman the most worthy of my Envy of any living, that had gain'd so great a Conquest over her Passions, and told her I wish'd I were capable of receiving those good Instructions she had given me: This pleas'd her so well, that she lent me the Author of all her Moderation, and supposing I was not exempt from Passions no more than the rest of our frail Sex, she told me she hop'd I would receive great Advantage from it, and that she would have me read no other Book till I had finish'd that.

About five days after she came to visit me in my Chamber, to learn what Progress I had made, and what Effects it had wrought upon my mind; (as if a Change of Sentiment cou'd  
happen

happen to one in an instant) but, my *Indamora*, admire at my ill Fate, for she found me reading of a Romance, which I was very intent upon, and being deeply engag'd in the unfortunate Adventures of a disconsolate Lover, I minded her not when she came in, but continued my Reading, and she perceiving what my Study was, assum'd a supercilious Look, and a contracted Brow : So, *Lindamira* (said she) How much you value my Advice, that prefers the reading of an idle Romance, before the Precepts of the Wise and Learned *Seneca*? Take my word, continued she, (raising the tone of her voice) nothing so much corrupts the Minds of young People, as the reading of these foolish Books that treat of fulsome Love, and fill their Heads full of Chimeras. I could not help laughing at my Friend, for the wrong notions she had taken of the Books that so pleasantly had spun out my Time, and I very ignorantly began to defend the Wit of the ingenious Author; but this sage Lady, whose Wisdom was much greater than my small Experience, told me I should reap more Advantage in one day, in reading *Seneca*, *Livy*, *Plutarch* or *Tacitus*, than I could my whole Life in such fabulous Stories; but then being perswaded into an opinion of her high Virtues and good Humour, I did venture to intreat her to hear out the Sequel of my Story (for there was nothing that could offend her chaste Ears) and did believe, notwithstanding her Aversion to Love, she had Good-nature enough to deplore

deplore the Misfortunes of an unhappy Lover, that was made so by the rigour of his cruel Mistress ; and that the Despairs she had put him into, made me to compassionate his In-felicities ; and that I had not power to leave off till I saw the Result of his Destiny, whom I fear'd wou'd be banish'd her Sight for ever. But instead of interesting her in these Adventures, she very sharply reprov'd me, representing the ill Consequences of imploying my Time so ill, and made such Invectives against Love, and so protested against it, that I tho't her a meer Stoick indeed ; but our Disputes lasted so long, that it was time to go walk, I ask'd her if she would please to breathe in the fresh Air after our hot Dispute, but she was so much out of humour for the contempt I shew'd of her Advice, that she refused to go with me ; her Denial pleas'd me very well, for I took my Book with me, and finish'd what I design'd, as I walked in the shady Grove. But from this time I alter'd my opinion of her, I neither believed her so great a Saint, nor a Philosopher as she pretended, and my Con-jecture was not ill-grounded, as it appear'd a few Days after : But I will leave her a while to fret, whilst I relate my Adventure with Mr. *Spintext* the Chaplain ; who, unknown to me, was become my humble Admirer. This *Levite* had often entertain'd me with his Po-etry, and *Sylvia*, *Phillis* and *Chloris* were often-times repeated, that I suppos'd him a general Lover of the Sex : he would beg my opi-  
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nion of his Poems; and as I was no Judge of the Excellencies of his Performances, I commended those Verses the least elevated, and found the most Fault where his Flights were the most surprizing. But these Errors in my Judgment he easily excus'd, as Mountain-faults in Lovers Eyes seem but Mole-hills; but still I did not suspect I was the Theme of these Compositions, till one Morning that I was sitting in the Summer-House in the Garden, for the Conveniency of my Painting (there being a North-light) I had only *Iris* with me, and had not been there an Hour but Mr. *Spintext* enter'd, under pretence of viewing my Drawings (for I was then but a Learner) but this obliging *Levite* commended what merited not his Applauses, and admir'd as ignorantly my Paintings, as I his Poetry.

From one Discourse to another, he fell upon that of Love, and after he had fetch'd two or three deep Sighs, (which was the Prologue to what he had to say) he told me I was infinitely esteem'd by all that knew me, but in that numerous train of Admirers, none had a greater Veneration for me than himself, and was very ambitious to be admitted into the Catalogue of my Humble Servants; adding, with a Sigh, that I was the sole Object of his Thoughts, and the only Theme of his Poetry. I heard out his Harangue without interrupting him, and express'd my Resentments for his Boldness, in terms that sufficiently let him see how sensibly I was affronted, that my  
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Grandmother's Chaplain shou'd dare to talk to me of Love; saying, that I thought myself in a Sphere too high to be entertain'd by him with such Discourse, that it became him much better to mind his Flock, and to give 'em Spoon-meat in due season; and that the greatest Solecism a Divine could be guilty of, was to make Love, and that People of his Cloth should never condescend so low as to encourage a foolish Passion, but entertain themselves with their Fathers and Councils.

I rallied him in this manner, and made him sensible of his Folly, for guilty Dumbness seiz'd him; he said not one word to excuse or justify himself for what he had done: Seeing him so much out of Countenance, I was almost sorry I said so much, but I was convinc'd in my own thoughts, it was the best way to repress his Boldness in the beginning; however, believing he might apprehend something from my Displeasure, and that I might acquaint my Grandmother with what had pass'd, I satisfied him I had no design to do him a prejudice, provided he observ'd a due Decorum in his Actions for the future.

Now, my *Indamora*, do but observe what malignant Planets reign'd over me, for I had no sooner given over my Reprimand to Mr. *Spintext*, and had hardly compos'd my Countenance, but the Disciple of *Seneca* enter'd, who you must know was secretly in Love with this young *Levite*; and she being older than he,

he, was troubled with that pernicious Disease call'd Jealousy, and for some time had suspected he had an Inclination for me; for she was Eagle-ey'd, and had a quicker Apprehension than myself. She observ'd him when he went into the Garden, and he staying longer than in her Wisdom she thought he ought, she put Wings to her Feet, and came flying after, and was resolv'd to be an ocular Witness of his Deportment to me. When she first came in I observ'd a Disturbance in her Eyes, but could not conjecture the Cause of it. I told her, I was sorry she did not come sooner, for I had just finish'd what I design'd to do, and that her Company would have made the time pass more agreeably away. But she answer'd my Civility in a most surprizing manner, and in an angry Tone told me, I had such good Company with me, that if I had spoke the Truth of my Heart, her Absence would have been most pleasing to me, and that I knew as young as I was, how to dissemble my Thoughts. What is your Meaning, Madam, (said I) for I am as little guilty of Dissimulation as any one, and this is a great piece of Injustice to accuse me wrongfully? You are so insensible (reply'd she) and pretend so much Ignorance, that 'twill be a difficult matter, I warrant you, to convince your Ladyship, that you are belov'd by Mr. *Spintext*. What if I be, (said I hastily) I hope, Madam, it will give no Chagrin, if he could be guilty of so great a Folly? This Answer did more inflame her Anger, so that she

she forgot all her pretended Patience and Discretion, and wholly abandoning herself to her Fury, she multiply'd her Words so fast, that she would repeat the same thing over several times. She told me I was young, foolish, and conceited of myself, and took a pleasure in hearing myself flatter'd, and having amorous Songs made of me, and that I encourag'd Mr. *Spintext* in his Pretensions of Love to me. By this I perceiv'd she had not heard our Discourse, and it was only the Effects of her Jealousy that made her to accuse me, and therefore wou'd not acknowledge the Truth, but in a bantering way, demanded of her, if I should not return her *Seneca's* Morals, for I fear'd through the Defect of her Memory she had forgot how great a Sin it was to give way to Passion, and that it was also injurious to Beauty; and that the fault was greater in her, who had made such solemn Professions of Moderation, and all that, than in others who were so sincere as to own the Frailties of their Nature.

She was so transported by her Anger, that it choak'd her words, and she stamp'd and star'd about the Room, she hurried up and down like a Frantick *Bacchanal*, at last she was forc'd to have recourse to her Tears, which fell in such abundance from her Eyes, that she represented old *Hecuba* in the Play: And on a sudden the Sky was calm and serene, and she dry'd up her Tears with her dirty Handkerchief, and giving a sudden turn towards Mr. *Spintext*,  
she

she darted fiery Looks at him, and thundered in his Ears such peals of her Indignation, that she amaz'd him in such sort, that I never saw one look so astonish'd as he did; for till that time he was ignorant of the violent Affection she had for him. But she so ill express'd her Passion, that she serv'd for an Antidote against it. But during this long Conversation, she acted the part so well of an indefatigable Talker, and a most unequall'd Scold, that from that time I ever call'd her *Xantippe*, who was Wife to *Socrates* of patient Memory.

That Evening I related to *Olympia* (my Grandmother's Woman) this surprizing Adventure, telling her how much I was mistaken in the humour of *Xantippe*, whom till then I believ'd to be a Woman of great Discretion and Prudence, but in this Emergency she behaved herself like one that had neither Sense nor Reason. *Olympia* reply'd, that I was not the only Person that had been mistaken in her, for the Character she had given of herself had deceiv'd many, and she was of a humour not to bear a Contradiction, but always acted a Superior's part, to those she honour'd with her favour. But from that time I esteem'd her less than any one, and look'd upon her as a dangerous Acquaintance; for in her Passion she was guilty of Detraction to the last degree, that I was ever after only civil to her, and with thanks return'd her Book again. You may judge, my *Indamora*,

E

she



she was not a Person in whom I durst confide ; and after that I entertain'd myself more with *Olympia*, who was as well born, and virtuously educated, and had a Genius less morose, and more conformable to my own humour.

Thus have I given you a faithful account of what past, till that time, without concealing my most secret Thoughts ; which is the greatest Proof I can give of my sincere Affection to my *Indamora*, to whom I am

*A faithful humble Servant,*  
*Lindamira.*

## L E T T E R IX.

**I**T will be time now, my *Indamora*, to acquaint you after what manner I was surpriz'd with the Sight of *Cleomidon*, who, during my stay at *Palarmo*, had not heard any news of him. One Sunday, being at Church, I observ'd an awkward sort of a Country Clown, who unalterably kept his Eyes fixt on me ; his Dress was that of the meanest Peasant's, and nothing drew my Eyes towards him, but his continual staring at me. When Sermon was done, I met him in the Church-Porch, who made me several reverend scrapes, with his Hat to the ground ; I could not help smiling at his officious care to make me look at him, which I did without the least suspicion whom he was. Before I was got into the Coach, he whisper'd to *Iris* (in giving her two Letters) for

for Heaven's sake, dear *Iris*, said he, give this to *Lindamira*. Her Surprize was so great that she let the Letters fall, but he gave 'em her again, without the least Observation by *Xantippe*, who was just by her. As soon as we came home, and that I was in my Chamber, she presented them to me, telling me in what manner she receiv'd them. My Astonishment was greater than can be imagin'd, I knew not what to do in this Emergency, nor what to think of this Adventure, but at last I took Courage to open the Letter, and found these Words from the faithful *Cleomidon*.

CLEOMIDON to LINDAMIRA.

Never did Soul feel such Anguish as mine did, that ill-boding Morning that rob'd me of your Sight; all things seem'd to join to wrack me, already too much oppress'd with Grief; so that I left untold a thousand fond things my Soul was full of. Madam, be just to my Passion, and reward it with a return suitable to the Sincerity of it; if my Prayers or Wishes be the least prevailing, let me receive an Answer, and deny not the Happiness of an Hour's Conversation to him that would sacrifice his Life in your Service. Adieu.

I read this Letter over a hundred times, revolving in my Thoughts what I should do, and 'twas a long time before I could come to any Resolution; but the result was, that I

would return him an answer by *Iris*, to whom he wrote also, to inform her where to enquire for him. It is impossible for you to conceive, unless you had seen as I did, that a Man that was genteel, of a noble Presence, and who had so particular an Obligingness with him, could so alter himself by his Dress, for 'twas *Cleomidon* that was in this disguise, which he put on to facilitate his Design, being resolv'd to see me, and durst not appear in his own Shape, for fear of giving some suspicion. I was in some Inquietudes about him, for I had more than a common Esteem for him, but I durst not indulge my Inclination, because that at *Palarmo* a Visiter of that Sex would have been a very great Crime; therefore I gave him no Encouragement to make a second attempt to see me, and only wrote him these few words.

*LINDAMIRA* to *CLEOMIDON*.

Is it possible that Absence has not proved an effectual Cure for your Passion? Since I have already told you I will not bestow my Heart, without the Approbation of her that has it entirely at her Devotion. I have commanded *Iris* to acquaint you with my Reasons why I cannot gratify your Request, which must be to the hazard of my Honour and Reputation. If you have that Esteem for me which you profess, you cannot take unkindly so reasonable a Denial. Farewel.

When

When *Iris* demanded for *Cleomidon*, by the Name he mention'd, and he came to her, she could not believe it was he; for not only his Countenance was alter'd, but the Tone of his Voice, which he had so well counterfeited, that 'twas impossible to know him; but he soon deliver'd her out of the Uncertainties she was in, by speaking to her in his own natural Voice (which was sweet, yet not effeminate) Dear *Iris*, said he, what News do you bring from *Lindamira*? Can she pardon me this Device I have made use on to see her? For seriously, continued he, I have not had one Hour's Repose since I saw her, and all the Divertisements and Caresses of my Friends and Relations have not been able to drive her Idea from my Mind. *Iris* then gave him my Letter, for which favour he express'd much acknowledgment; but when he had read it over, and saw I had deny'd his Request, he seem'd like a Man distracted. Is there no means *Iris* (said he) that I may possibly speak to *Lindamira*, and she run no hazard of her Reputation, which is dear to me next to her Life? *Iris* represented to him, that if my Grandmother should ever know it, I should lose her Favour for ever. But he expostulated with her so long, and used so many enforcing Arguments, to add her Endeavour to bring him to a sight of me, that the poor *Iris* at last, being so overcome by his great Impression, that she promis'd she would use her Interest to persuade me to meet him in the



Valley at the end of the Wood, but she so much apprehended the Consequence of its being known, that she already dreaded the Encounter.

At her Return she related all that had past, adding many things in favour of him, and pleaded so well in his behalf, and so effectually laid before me his Impatience of seeing me, that I yielded to her request, and in the Evening, according to our wonted Custom, we went to take a Walk. But when I came into the Valley, and bethought myself that I came to meet a Gentleman with whom I had but a small Acquaintance, I reproach'd myself for my Weakness, that I should suffer the Perswasions of *Iris* to work any effect upon my Mind, and I was just upon making a Retreat, and resolv'd to turn back; when at the same instant I perceiv'd *Cleomidon* come from behind a great Oak-Tree, that had shelter'd him from my Sight: he perceiving my Intentions, advanc'd towards me with much Precipitation, saying, Madam, do you shun me? What cruel Destiny is mine? Is this all I am to hope? For Heaven's sake hear me speak, my *Lindamira*! I made a stop at these words, nor had I power to go, and by my Silence he might judge his Sight was not unpleasing to me. Tho I ought to have condemn'd him for this Boldness, yet when I look'd on him, I discover'd so much Love and Passion in his Eyes, I had not the heart to make him any Reproaches. He said to me the most passionate things

things imaginable, and represented his own Misfortunes, after so feeling, so sensible a manner, of being so long depriv'd of the Sight of me, that I thought there was no room left for doubt, but that his Heart and his Lips agreed, for such was the powerful Rhetorick of Love, that I believ'd *Cleomidon* could not be guilty of a Falshood. To remove my wonder for the extraordinary Kindness he express'd, which I seem'd to doubt of ; he told me, it was not strange to see, that Love at its first Birth should sometimes arrive at all its Perfection, which Time and a greater Knowledge do generally give it. For, pursu'd he, I lov'd you to that degree, that 'twas impossible my Passion should admit of an Increase.

*Cleomidon* afterwards related to me all that the Lady at the Inn had acquainted me with, but slightly ran over the Design his Uncle had to marry him to *Cleodora*. I was, I confess, very scrutinous in my Enquiry into what Perfections this Lady had, and what recommendable Qualities she had to subdue a Heart ; and as her Fortune was very considerable, I did fear it might shock his Constancy : but to remove those Doubts, he would often say, that since he had seen *Lindamira*, he could not be pleas'd with any other, and added so many obliging expressions in favour of me, that I had no Suspicion but that he spoke his real Thoughts.

Our Conversation lasted above two Hours, and I must own to you without Shame and

Confusion, that those amiable Qualities I discover'd in him wrought a greater effect on my Heart than they ought; that, being conscious to myself, I ought not to have engag'd my Affections without my Mother's Knowledge, I was extremely troubled to find that my Heart was no longer at her disposal. But the Humour of *Cleomidon* was the most gallant, the most agreeable, and most diverting of any Man in the World; he has naturally an Eloquence so easy and fluent, that few Persons can explain their Conceptions after a more entertaining manner than himself. I could not, after I had thoroughly considered them, but acknowledge I was not insensible of his Affection; he made me Vows of his eternal Fidelity, that nothing should be able to shock his Constancy. I answer'd him in the most obliging Terms I could, and gave him leave to hope, that if my Mother should approve of his Affection, he should not find me ungrateful; and I begg'd of him to be content with that Esteem I had for him, and had promis'd to answer his Letters; and tho he liv'd but Twenty miles from *Palarmo*, yet our Letters were to pass by *London*, for fear of giving a Suspicion. After we had settled this Correspondence, I told him it was time for me to return home, it being Supper-time, and I saw by my Watch I had already outstay'd my time; but the word Depart, extremely troubled him, and he durst not in Prudence press me to stay; I left him, I must acknowledge

edge with much Reluctancy, and him no less concern'd for this separation. But when I came home, I found my Grandmother at Supper, from whom I receiv'd a severe Chastisement, for in my Absence *Xantippe* had aggravated my being out so late, as a very criminal Matter, which possess'd my Grandmother with some unusual Disquiets, and had sent a Servant in quest of me. I hearkned to all that was said with much Patience, and was glad I had escaped without being discover'd, that I was very silent, and wholly abandon'd my Thoughts to *Cleomidon*; after Supper I retir'd into my Chamber, where I had the Liberty to recollect in my Thoughts this Evening's Adventure, and upon Examination of my Heart, I found all the Signs of a tender and sincere Affection, and wish'd to reign absolute in his, without the cruel Apprehensions of a Rival, rich and fair as was *Cleodora*.

This was the Condition of my Soul, when I was so happy to see my dear *Indamora*, at that delicious Place *Lauretta*, where a few Days after this Adventure happned to me. I waited on my Grandmother to see *Lucretia*, and from that time I may date my Happiness in your Friendship, in whose agreeable Conversation I past away 3 Weeks, and tho at the first Interview I had a great Esteem for you, yet I did not acquaint you with the Affection I had for *Cleomidon*, lest you should disapprove of my Conduct; but you may perhaps remember something of the Relation I have given of *Philander* and *Sir Formal*, but you telling me you had forgot the Particulars of their Amours, I thought it not



unnecessary to the completing of my Adventures, to bring them in their proper Places.

Your Goodness has made you commend what merited not your Praises, and your Indulgence to my ill Performance encourages me still to go on, that you may command from my Pen whatever is worthy of your Knowledge; but I owe much to your Good Humour, and am without Compliment, with all the Sincerity as may be,

*My Dearest Indamora,  
Your true and faithful Lindamira.*

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## L E T T E R   X.

**W**Hilst I was at *Lauretta*, my Dear *Indamora*, I wrote to *Cleomidon*, and gave him an account how happy I was in a new Friend I had gain'd since I came to that Place: I will not tell you what I said of you, because your Modesty will not bear the just Praises of your Friends; but in Answer to that Letter, he said he was charm'd with the Character of her I mention'd, but look'd upon her as a dangerous Friend, because she had robb'd him of part of my Soul. Tho I receiv'd this Answer whilst I was at *Lauretta*, I said not one Syllable of it to you, being of a Humour not to be very free till I am intimately acquainted, I left untold several things, that I wish since I had inform'd you of, and for the time I have been known to you, you have gain'd a greater In-

Interest in my Heart than any one, except my dear *Valeria*, for whom I had, and have still a great Value and Esteem; but she being married; and much taken up with her domestick Affairs; I seldom heard from her whilst I was at *Palar-mo*, nor durst I acquaint her with any thing concerning *Cleomidon*, fearing lest my Letters might come to the view of *Silvanus*: When I went from *Lauretta*, you best can tell with what unwillingness I parted from so agreeable a Society, and what was my Grief to leave so charming a Friend; for at my Return to *Palarmo*, I was to converse with a jealous, forward, and impertinent Woman. Without any further pursuit of her Character, you may guess her to be *Xantippe*; for ever since she treated me so liberally with her *Billingsgate* in the Summer-House, she began to hate me, and clandestinely did me all the ill Offices she could to my Grandmother, tho to my Face she was civil, but jealous of my Power; which she thought greater than her own: But her Humour made me not uneasy, for my Thoughts were wholly taken up upon a Subject more worthy of my Love and Friendship, and I often receiv'd News from *Cleomidon*, who still continued his Affection, and fail'd not to give me all the Assurances of an unalterable Love; that I read over his Letters with Delight, and answer'd them with Pleasure: So that the Time past away as agreeable as 'twas possible in the Absence of the Person lov'd.

But now I must say something of *Mr. Spintext*, who was a Man that had many good Qualities;

I mean that fell under my Notice and Observation ; his only Fault was owning his Love for me, for which it seem'd he was extremely troubled, and told *Iris* of it, wishing he could have an opportunity to beg my Pardon and acknowledge his Fault ; he own'd indeed that he could not repent that he lov'd me, but that he had displeas'd me, in acquainting me with it ; but for the future he would be as silent as the Night, if he could once but ease his Mind of the Pain and Anguish he did labour under. But tho *Iris* told me this, I was unwilling to gratify his Request, upon the account of *Xantippe's* jealous Humour, whom I knew was very watchful both of him and me, and as I had long since forgot his Crime, I thought it not necessary to let him speak to me.

About a Month after my Return to *Palarmo*, I receiv'd the surprizing News, that *Cleomidon* lay conceal'd in the little Cottage that is in the Valley ; he sent me a Billet, wherein he conjur'd me not to refuse him the Sight of me once more, deploring his Unhappiness, that he had not the freedom of waiting on me at my Grandmother's House, that he might publicly own the Passion he had for me, and was grieved that he was put to the necessity of desiring me to meet him, when it was his Part to have come all the way ; but these Niceities are easily sacrificed to Love, and I found Arguments enow to palliate his Fault ; and wishing to see him (tho at the hazard of my Grandmother's Displeasure) I sent him word I would meet him at the Well, which Place being more publick,

I thought less dangerous, in case any one should perceive me talking to him. With *Iris* I went, and when I came to the place of Assignment, I saw *Cleomides* lie fast asleep upon one of the Benches of the Well; he since told me he had staid so long waiting for me, that his Spirits were tired with Expectation, that he laid him down in hopes to Sleep, to delude the tedious Hours. But I had then the Satisfaction of looking on him with more Attention, than ever I had done yet: And the more I view'd him, the more I was confirm'd in the good Opinion I had of him; but fearing he might awake and find me in this contemplating Posture, I walk'd away, and bid *Iris* awake him, for I had no time to lose. She no sooner obey'd me, but he started up, and seeing her only by him, he express'd in his Eyes all the marks of Despair; but *Iris* took Compassion on him, and told him I was hard by, which restor'd him to his former tranquility of Mind, and seeing me coming towards him, he ran to me, and with open Arms receiv'd me, saying the most kindest, tenderest Words that his Passion could furnish him with. I faintly reproach'd him for his returning again, alledging what hazard I ran for his sake; but he wanted not Expressions to excuse himself; for Love made him so eloquent and acknowledging, that I could not be angry at him. 'Tis endless to repeat what Vows of Fidelity he made me, that nothing should shock his Constancy; I on my side gave him all the innocent Marks of an Affection, that I thought might be justifiable to the World. He told  
me



me he design'd to be in *London* in three Weeks, and did hope he might persuade me to hasten my return thither; but then I had not thoughts of going so soon, as it afterwards fell out.

After this manner we past our time, and the Hours glided pleasantly away, when at a distance I discover'd Mr. *Spintext*, who directed his steps that way; I interrupted *Cleomidon*, telling him whom I saw, and that I feared my Grandmother had sent him after me, it being near Supper-time. But this Adventure did so sower his Joys, and justled all those Thoughts out of his Mind, that he design'd to have acquainted me with, which too late I knew afterwards; but the approach of this unwelcome Divine, made us resolve to separate, and I assured *Cleomidon* I would follow him into the Valley as soon as I had learn'd what his Errand was, but I then little apprehended he came upon his own. At his approach to me, I read in his Eyes some Concern, and was afraid to know the Truth, being only apprehensive upon *Cleomidon's* account: But he soon deliver'd me out of that Perplexity, and drove me into another: for this was the fatal time, my *Indamora*, that he took to make his Recantation, and to beg my pardon for his Temerity, assuring me he was so sensible of the Offence he had given me, in suffering his Thoughts to roam beyond a Sphere too great for him: but as his Judgment was not in Fault, he hop'd I would have some Indulgence for his Crime. He express'd himself in a very pathetical Strain; and made very ingenious Acknowledgments of his faults; that had my

my Resentments lasted till that time, I must have pardon'd him, and did assure him I would, provided he observ'd that Decorum that became him; as I ended these words I rose up with an Intention to be gone, not giving him leave to prolong the Discourse; when at a distance, I discover'd a Creature make towards me, who rather flew than went on Feet, but so far off I could not well distinguish what it was; that I concluded it was some Hobgoblin, or some wing'd Monster of the Night, for there appear'd nothing Human in the Spape or Form of it. I stop'd a while to behold what this *Proteus* might be, for it appear'd in several Shapes, but as it nearer did approach my Eye, I saw it was a Woman; but to compleat my ill Fortune it was the terrible *Xantippe*! whom Rage and Jealousy had led thither; and with all the Fury of a Woman in Despair, came to reproach Mr. *Spintext* with his Ingratitude to her, and me with my Intrigues with him. But as I thought it not consistent with Prudence to retreat (believing that she knew me) I took a Resolution to stand the brunt of her Anger; tho Mr. *Spintext* would have persuaded me to have shun'd the Storms that threatned me. No sooner did this Furioso approach me (tho quite out of breath) but she darted Fire from her Eyes, which prepared me to hear her Thunder; and as her Voice was shrill and loud enough upon occasion, it was so now, more than ordinary; for being possess'd with an unaccountable Jealousy, she gave a Loose to all her Thoughts, and quite forgot her boasted Modera-

deration. Such streams of Words flow'd from her Tongue, that 'twas amazing where she found Expressions so suitable to her Passion; but the Rage of *Juno* was not greater, when *Paris* gave the Apple from her, than was *Xanthippe*, to see her dearly beloved Divine so near to me. And after she had recovered Breath, she told me, she thought herself bound in Gratitude to my Grandmother, to take some care of me, for she perceiv'd my Walk was not design'd so much for my Health, as to give Mr. *Spintext* an opportunity to court me: At last (said I) Madam, you are in as pleasant a Humour to Day as when I saw you last in the Summer-House, I wish you were always thus diverting, and I would contribute what lay in my Power to give Subject to your Mirth. But sure never Woman was so inrag'd and so divested of all Reason; for she acted the part of a frantick Creature, and began to roll her Eyes about, and rose up hastily, and came towards me (I suppose) with a design to play at Pull-Quoif with me; but her Career was stop'd by Mr. *Spintext* interposing between, who then thought it high time to give her a gentle Correction for her immoderate Anger; which he did in a very mild way, and at last did reduce her to some Reason, for she made no reply, but water'd the Mossy Bank, whereon she sat, with her precious Tears.

As soon as I thought the moisture of her Eyes was exhal'd, and that to her Passion she had given vent enough; Come, let's be gone, Madam, said I, for what will my Grandmother say that

we

we are out so late? And what excuse can you make? But this sage Lady only answered me with an ominous Look, and leading the way she follow'd me. I fail'd not to entertain Mr. *Spintext* as I went along, which I suppose she never could forgive. But all this while the poor *Cleomidon* suffer'd Disquiets that cannot be express'd; I therefore whispered to *Iris* to go to him, and give him an account of this unlucky Accident, adding that the next Day I would surely write to him.

When I came home I found my Grandmother much out of Humour that I was out so late, and to excuse and palliate my Fault, I said that *Xantippe* was with me: But she, like an indiscreet and malicious Creature retorted, that by accident she met with me and Mr. *Spintext*, and thinking it not convenient for me to be alone with him, she staid out the longer to keep me Company; and that I had sent *Iris* to go home another way.

I was never more perplex'd than at that time, not knowing what defense to make; for the Truth I durst not own, and my Countenance betray'd some Guilt, which my Grandmother observed, and was confirm'd in a Belief that I had made an Appointment with Mr. *Spintext*; and therefore, in a very angry Tone, forbid me ever walking there again, unless *Xantippe* wou'd do me the favour to bear me Company. I reply'd she should be obey'd, that I never more would frequent a Place that had caus'd her so much Displeasure.

Soon after I retir'd, and *Iris* not being return'd,



turn'd, I had a Thousand Fears she should be discover'd; but I was soon after releas'd from all my Care, for her Sight fill'd my Heart with a Joy unspeakable. She recounted to me the vexation this Disappointment had caus'd in the Soul of *Cleomidon*, who depended much upon the Promise I had made him, of writing to him the next Morning, which I fail'd not to do, with the Assurance of my eternal Fidelity to him.

*Iris*, who carried this Letter, found *Cleomidon* a walking in the Valley in expectation of her; as soon as he had read over my Letter (which seem'd to please him) he sat him down under an Oak-Tree, and return'd me an Answer, that gave me all the reason in the World to believe, that his Fidelity was unshaken, and nothing could be more tender and kind, than what he wrote to me. He press'd me much to hasten my Journey to *London*, and that I would ever preserve him entirely in my Heart.

After this Adventure, I should not have taken any pleasure in those shady Walks, tho I had not been forbidden by my Grandmother, and should have banish'd myself: For since this Accident *Palarmo* seem'd very dull to me, but as Reading and Painting were my greatest Diversions, I convers'd very little with any one, and with *Xantippe* the least; for this Philosophical Lady had given me a very bad Opinion of all Pretenders to Philosophy, that I made those Books the least of my Study, and took an Opinion they were the least useful of any I could read. But it was my Ignorance, and her Immoderation, that made me despise the  
most

most profitable Authors. But I will no longer entertain you with my Sentiments upon that Matter, but will finish this, with the assurance of my ever being,

*My Dear Indamora's*

*Most affectionate and faithful Lindamira.*

## LETTER XI.

**K**Nowing that *Cleomidon* design'd for *London* in a short time, I resolv'd, my Dear *Indamora*, to write to my Mother to send for me away, which accordingly I did, and in ten Days receiv'd an answer, that I should prepare myself for my Journey, but was first to expect another Letter; and being deprived of my usual Diversion, I began to study Mischief.

And as I was but too sensible that *Xantippe* had lessen'd me in the Esteem of my Grandmother (who through her means had entertain'd some unjust Suspicions of me) I resolv'd to quit Scores with her, and requite all her Civility at once. For as I've told you, *Xantippe* had a most violent Affection for Mr. *Spintext*, and he no Esteem for her; so I represented to myself no small Satisfaction to see this furious Lady depriv'd of all her Hopes (tho they were ill-grounded:) And therefore I spoke to a Gentleman, who had some Influence on the Mind of this Young Levite, to buz in his Head, that *Olympia* wou'd make him a very good Wife, who was pretty, very discreet, and much esteem'd on by my Grandmother; that 'twas probable for her Sake, he might get Preferment,

ment, being she had a good Living at her Disposal. This I said to his Friend, who had Sense enough to know how to amplify Matters, and shew them in the most advantageous Situation; he being young and susceptible of Love, I fancied my Plot might take. On the other hand, I knew that *Olympia* had no Disesteem for Mr. *Spintext*, and therefore might be persuaded to admit him as a Lover.

I no sooner mention'd this, but it was propos'd to this worthy *Levite*, who at the first slighted his Friend's Advice; but being press'd to consider his own Advantage, he at last resolv'd to try his Fortune, in hopes to succeed better than in his last Amour: And at the same time prevail'd with *Olympia* to receive his Addresses favourably; and I having some Power with her, Mr. *Spintext* met with no great opposition, in his Courtship; for they having known each other a good while, there was no need of frivolous Compliments: the first opportunity I confirm'd him in the good Choice he had made, and that I thought *Olympia* a Person worthy and deserving, and my Friendship to her would make me the more assiduous in promoting his Interest to my Grandmother, which I hoped to do effectually, when once they were married, which I wish'd might be before I went to *London*.

A few Days after, this Marriage was consummated, and with all the Secresy imaginable, without giving the least suspicion of any such Design; and tho *Xantippe* was like *Argus* with his hundred Eyes, and roll'd 'em up and down  
in



in every place, yet was she blind to this Affair, which gave no little Joy to our Bride and Bridegroom; to whom was observ'd all the Formalities at a Wedding. For there was Bride-Cake, Sack-Poſſet, and flinging of the Stocking; and none there, but the Bridegroom's Friend, myself, *Iris*, and one Maid.

You may perhaps wonder, how this could be done without the knowledge of the Eagle-eyed *Xantippe*, and yet we were all too cunning for her; but as 'twas necessary my Grandmother should be acquainted with this Marriage, I took my opportunity, in the absence of *Xantippe*, to let her know of it, and withal to beg both their Pardons, that she did not know of their Design; tho this News was surprising to my Grandmother, who perhaps at another time would have resented it, yet I could discover a secret Joy in her Countenance, that her Chaplain had dispos'd of himself, for *Xantippe* had laid a train of designs to destroy me in my Grandmother's good Opinion. She then asked me where they were that she might wish 'em Joy; I went immediately to 'em, to let them know the Favour that was design'd them, and to prepare them for this Interview.

When they made their Appearance, they both beg'd my Grandmother's Pardon that they had not asked her Approbation and Consent; but she very obligingly saluted the Bride, and turning to the Bridegroom, wish'd them both much Happiness together. In this Interim, *Xantippe* entred at another Door, and stood like one amaz'd, revolving in her Mind  
what



what was the meaning of this Salutation : For being ignorant of the Marriage, she did not presently apprehend it. But when she did, she was like one in *Bedlam*, for she threw her Eyes about, grin'd with her Teeth, stamp'd with her Feet, and in short, shewed all the Marks of a despairing Creature ; but she was under some Restrictions, being in my Grandmother's Presence, or I believe she would have pull'd their Eyes out. This was so amazing to my Grandmother, who was a Stranger to her Passions, that of a long time she could not speak, but at last turning towards her, do you know, *Lindamira*, said she, the Reason that *Xantippe* looks so disturb'd ? Alas ! Madam (said I) her Disorder proceeds from Love, Despair, and Jealousy ; for, Madam, she was in Love with Mr. *Spintext*, and would have been glad to have been in *Olympia's* Place. I spoke this, I confess, in a malicious Tone, and did ridicule her Grief so much, that having lost all Patience, she set no bounds to her Anger ; and without making any Reply (for her precious Tears had stop'd her Speech) she flipt off her Shooe, and flung it designedly at my Head, but missing her Aim, it light on the Chimney-Piece among the China, which tumbled down great part that was there, which made so great a Noise and Disturbance, that what with her Sobs, and dismal Sighs, this was a Scene of Disorder and Distraction.

But what were my Grandmother's Thoughts in this Emergency I can't well tell, but she could not but see she was deceiv'd in her Opinion

nion of *Seneca's* Disciple. But after some time *Xantippe* began to recollect what she had done, and being asham'd of her ridiculous Behaviour, withdrew out of the Room with much Precipitation, and in her hast she tumbl'd down a Chair or two; and having but one Shooe on, she hobbled away in a very ungraceful manner, and went into her Closet, lock'd her Door, where 'tis suppos'd after she had vented her Sorrow, she consider'd that the World was full of Disappointments, and there was no true Happiness to be found. For four Days she continued in this contemplating Humour, and convers'd with nothing but *Seneca*; and during this happy Truce, I fail'd not in my design of prevailing with my Grandmother, to bestow that Living she had in her Gift on Mr. *Spintext*. My Request was granted without much Difficulty, and I saw a prospect of this Couple's living happily together.

But when *Xantippe* made her Appearance again (not being without the Sense of Shame) she look'd very much out of Countenance, and dejected, that I almost repented me of what I had done; but my Mirth cost me dear, for I then receiv'd a Letter from a Friend of my Mother's, that acquainted me of her being taken very ill, and that I must come away with all the speed imaginable. This News struck me with such a Sadness, and so sensible a Grief, that I hardly knew what I said or did, for I was ever very apprehensive how great my Loss would be in the Death of my Mother. This News caus'd a general disturbance

bance in the Family, and my Absence a grief to all but *Xantippe*. I left *Palarmo* without regret, for having lost the greatest part of my Pleasure, since I did not frequent the Grove, I had no other Grief than that of leaving a very kind Relation, but was going to one more dear to me.

From that fatal Journey I may date all my Unhappiness, for then began the greatest Change in my Affairs; and what afterwards befel me when I came to *London*, I shall reserve for a more convenient Opportunity: and tho some Years are past since, yet I cannot think on that great Misfortune without some sense of Trouble. I find myself already too much affected with the Thoughts of it, so will reserve that Adventure for a more proper Opportunity; and must also beg my dear *Indamora*'s Pardon for all Faults, and being assur'd of your Goodness, I shall only assure you,

*I am*

*Your Affectionate*

*Friend and Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

*The End of the Second Part of the Adventures of  
Lindamira.*

T H E

The THIRD PART  
OF THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*LINDAMIRA.*

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LETTER XII.

**N**Ever was Soul possess'd with such just Apprehensions, as I was for the Sickness of my Mother: For when I came to *London*, my dearest *Indamora*, I receiv'd the unwelcome News of her being in a dangerous Condition: Her Joy of seeing me (she said) gave her new Life, but 'twas but a Vapour; for she soon return'd to her fainting Fits again, of which she had many in a Day; but I receiv'd from her all the Marks of a tender Affection; and during her Intervals, she fail'd not of giving me those necessary Instructions for the Conduct of myself; adding also, That if I married, she wish'd I might make choice of one who had Principles of Honour and Generosity, and would scorn a base Action, but left me to my own Liberty. I found that her Sentiments were still the same of mine, and did believe the Humour of *Cleomidon* would answer the Character she gave of one that might make me happy; but I had not Courage to ac-

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quaint



quaint her with his Affection to me, but deferr'd it till such time that I might, without Inconveniency to herself, give an Account of the whole Affair.

In the mean time, I heard every Day from *Cleomidon*, but would not admit of a Visit from him, in the Condition my Mother was; for I never was a Minute from her Bed-side: but as Lovers are sometimes more impatient than others, he could not absent himself any longer from me; but that Day he came to see me, it fell out unhappily for us both; for scarce had he been with me a quarter of an Hour, but I was call'd away in all haste, being alarm'd that my Mother was a dying: I almost lost my Senses at this Summons; but calling up all my Courage, I ran to her to assist her the best I could. She was then but in a Fit, and recover'd out of that in a short time after; but they return'd upon her so fast, as all that Night she hardly knew any one; but the next Day was much better, and spoke to me of several Things. Finding that she was not long for this World, My dear Child (said she) take that Care of yourself, as I have done for you, and be not over-hasty how you bestow your Affections: For as your Fortune will be in your own Hands, you will not want Pretenders, and every one will hope that you may be his Prize. Your un-experienc'd Mind (continued she) may bring you into Inconveniencies, because you'll judge of others by yourself: But now, my Child, you will be left without any other Defence  
 3 than

than your own Innocency, which preserve, and let Virtue be your Rule, and Prudence guide you. Be ever deaf to Rumours that detract from the Honour of your Friends; and if you can, warn 'em of Dangers, and beware of Flattery, a Bait that ruins many.

I gave my dear Mother a thousand thanks for her good Instructions; but my Grief was too great to say to her half I design'd: But that very Day I did resolve to acquaint her with *Cleomidon*, and to beg her Approbation; but that Night — was the fatal Night that rob'd me of a dear Mother, and put a Period to her Life. I lost at once, a tender Mother, and a wise Counsellor; and, I may say, without Flattery, that all her Friends had a Loss of her.

Thus was I left, my *Indamora*, in this deplorable Condition; and being seiz'd with a violent Grief, I saw not the Face of any one till after her Funeral Rites were performed; and tho I received all the Consolation, as was possible, from *Cleomidon*, by Letters, yet it wrought but little effect upon my Reason: And my Mother's words ran much in my mind, *That I was left without Defence*: For, indeed, I was. For I had no Relations near me, only an Aunt that liv'd beyond the *Tower*, and I could see her but seldom; but her young Daughter, she, out of kindness, let be with me. The poor *Udotia* had but a dull time with me; for the Melancholy I was in, brought me into the Yellow-Jaundice, that I was scarce to be known. My

Illness very much afflicted *Cleomidon*, and he shew'd himself very industrious in procuring me the best Advice, and with his Persuasions, and the Medicines I took, I recover'd my Health, and look'd as formerly I used to do

I being well enough to go abroad again, *Cleomidon* thought he might, without any Indecency, press me to consent of Marriage: For as I was absolute Mistress of myself and Fortune, there was no Opposition on any side, if I would give consent: But a humour took me, that I thought in half a Year after my Mother's death, I ought not to marry, and could give no other Reasons for my Denial. *Cleomidon* therefore comply'd with my Humour, hoping that then I would (as he said) make him happy. I saw him very often; all my Friends knew of his Design, and approv'd of my Choice; that, I may say, I had all the Satisfaction I could desire. But as the Joys of Lovers are not lasting, so did I meet with an Affliction, as I am certain, my *Indamora*, will raise your utmost Compassion.

One Day, as *Cleomidon* was with me, who entertain'd me with News of the Town, and tho' what he said was pleasantly related, yet I discover'd a Chagrin in his Mind, which he seem'd to take care to conceal from me; but my presaging Thoughts immediately divin'd something there was of Consequence, that gave him a Disturbance; and being assur'd I had given him no cause of Jealousy, or  
Fear,



Fear, I importun'd him still the more, to know the cause of that Pensiveness, that oftentimes hurried his Thoughts away, that he did not sometimes answer me when I spoke to him; but he would wave the Discourse, and said, he did not deserve that obliging Care; but then I was the more confirm'd in my Suspicions, and being in hopes I might dispel his Grief, by bearing a part with him, I forc'd the Secret from his Breast; which was, my *Indamora*, that *Cleodora* was in Town. Her very Name chill'd my Blood, I knew not why; and in my fancy rowl'd a thousand extravagant, ill-boding Thoughts, but more was yet to come; for *Alcander*, *Cleomidon's* Uncle, was in Town also, and with him the most famous *Lyndaraxa*, *Cleodora's* Aunt; and that their Business was, to make up the Matter with *Cleomidon* and *Cleodora*. But when he related this, he shew'd so much Concern and Trouble as cannot be imagin'd; and tho *Cleodora* was to be prefer'd before me in several respects, yet the obliging *Cleomidon* told me, That if I would comply with his Wishes, I should find the difference he made between us. But as I fear'd *Alcander* would not consent to his Desires, so I fear'd he would be frustrated of his Hopes for ever, if he disobey'd him in his Marriage. But *Cleomidon* reply'd, That he had rather forego all his Hopes there, than lose his Interest in me; that since we might both live happy with our present Fortunes, did beg of me, not to consider his in-



terest for the future. I was at a Non plus what to resolve upon, that tho his generous Humour made him to slight his interest, yet I ought to weigh well what I did and not be the Cause of so great a Disappointment : 'Tis true, I was assur'd of his Affection, and knew very well, that only he could make me happy ; but, if he did, 'twas possible he might lose his Uncle's Favour for ever. I had as strong a Combat in my Soul as ever was 'twixt Love and Honour, and I could not come to any Resolution. That Night I let him depart without any Hope I would assent to his Request : But the next Day he came again, telling me he should be miserably unhappy, if I would not promise to be his : If (said I) you can gain your Uncle's Consent, you shall not fail of mine ; but if he disapproves of your ill Choice, you must not disoblige him. Madam, said he, to Lovers this is Nonsense ; why should I please an Uncle before myself ? It is not his Opinion of my Happiness can make it so : But I'm the best judge in this Case, what will either make me happy, or miserable. *Cleomidon* this time, had like to have vanquish'd my obstinate Humour ; but being unwilling, for my sake, he should lose so considerable an Estate, I urg'd him still to try to gain his Uncle's Approbation : But, Madam, said he, what if my Uncle will not consent ? what Destiny must I hope for ? to marry *Cleodora*, said I——Alas ! Madam, reply'd *Cleomidon*, you do not love me then, that can thus easily

easily resign me to another. Do not flatter me any longer with vain Hope, but tell me I'm become indifferent to you; tho if you will not avert my Doom, there will be a Necessity that I obey my Uncle; and when too late, perhaps, you may repent of all your Cruelty.

In Justice to *Cleomidon* I must acknowledge, that never greater Love was shewn, nor never worse rewarded: For he that could despise twenty thousand Pound, slight his Uncle's Favour, who had so plentiful an Estate to leave him (provided he pleas'd him in his Marriage) and yet to prefer me before *Cleodora*. And so insensible was I of my Happiness, that he could not extort a Promise from me to be his, and would have married me immediately, before his Uncle had urged him farther. But still I continued in the same Sentiments, that unless *Alcander* would agree to his Request, I ought not to deprive him of all his Hopes: But he finding me inflexible, and not to be wrought upon, he took his leave of me, reproaching me with Barbarity and Inhumanity. But sure some Magick did influence my Mind, that made me so deaf to all his Intreaties, that I could let him depart without one word of Consolation. But I have since sufficiently repented of my Cruelty.

*Cleomidon*, that Night, went strait to his Lodging, where he found an unwelcome Guest, his Uncle, who had waited for him three Hours: That Day *Alcander* by some unlucky

Accident, had heard of our Amours, and upbraided *Cleomidon* with it as a great Mark of his Folly, but desired to know the Truth of that Report.

But *Cleomidon*, who had a generous Soul, scorn'd to deny the Truth; and did frankly own to him, That no other Woman in the World could make him happy; and that, if I had pleas'd, he had been married to me some Months since: For before he had ever known *Cleodora*, he had given me his Heart. This free Declaration put *Alcander* in so great a Rage, to see his Designs oppos'd, that he told him, in a most imperious Tone, That this was a base Recompence for all his care in his Education, to think of bestowing himself on any Woman without his Approbation. Sir, said *Cleomidon*, I ask your Pardon, but our Hearts are not always in our own Power, and by surprize sometimes are lost: There is a Destiny that we cannot resist, and must sometime, or other, yield to Love's Empire. But the old Gentleman, who was insensible of so soft a Passion, and who ador'd nothing but Riches, was not mov'd, but more exasperated at so dull an Excuse, saying, That Interest ought to govern the Affections; and that a wise Man would look to the future, and not to the present: And, said *Alcander*, I do expect that Filial Love and Obedience from you, that you comply with my Commands.

But

But all the Reasons that *Cleomidon* could alledge, in excuse of his Engagement to me, saying of me the most advantageous Things that his Passion could furnish him with, was of no effect : For, reply'd *Alcander*, has your *Lindamira* Twenty Thousand Pounds ? Can she make you so happy as *Cleodora*, who has a fine House to bring you to in the Country, surrounded with a good Estate ? And can you hope, that your Disobedience will be rewarded with my Estate, I design'd to have left you when I died ? which since you can despise to gratify your Love, I can bestow it on your Brother, who, perhaps, will have more regard to my Commands. But nothing that *Cleomidon* could say, would mollify the obdurate Heart of *Alcander* ; for he finding that he had no Inclination to obey him, he flung out of the Room in a Passion, threatening him with his eternal Displeasure.

In such a Strait never was any left, nor could any one give higher Proofs of an unalterable Affection than did *Cleomidon*, who found my Humour so refractory, that I caus'd him more Disquiets than all his Uncle's Threats : But the Sequel of this Adventure you shall know in my next. Adieu, my *Indamora*,

I am your

Faithful Servant,

*Lindamira.*

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L E T.



## L E T T E R XIII.

**T**Hat Night *Cleomidon* took but little Rest, my dear *Indamora*, who suffer'd Inquietudes that cannot be express'd; and the next Day recounted to me all that had pass'd between *Alcander* and himself. That now, *Lindamira*, said he, if you refuse to make me happy, I must accuse you of too much Ill-Nature and Inhumanity; but instead of working that effect on my Heart, as it ought, I suffer'd myself to be vanquish'd by my Generosity; and told that faithful Lover, that I would rather choose to be miserable all the Days of my Life, than he should lose the Reward of his Obedience: That I would live unmarried for his sake, and retire to some solitary Place, where I should never hear the Name of *Cleomidon*; that I would not oppose his Felicity with *Cleodora*: For, said I, how do I know how your Sentiments may change hereafter, when I have lost that little Beauty I have; and that you once consider, that for my sake you disoblig'd a kind Uncle?

*Cleomidon* took those Words mortally ill: For, said he, they sound not kind from the Lips of *Lindamira*: And, Madam, continued he, what have you observ'd in my Humour,

mour, that can inspire you with so mean an Opinion of me? Have not I given you all possible proof of a faithful and unalterable Affection? And have not I sacrificed a considerable Fortune; and, what I value more, a most kind and obliging Uncle to you? Tell me, Madam, what further Demonstrations you can require of my Sincerity? Tho I had all imaginable reason to be satisfied in the Humour and Affection of *Cleomidon*, yet, as our ill Destinies would have it, his great Merits were not crown'd with that Recompence he desir'd. I refus'd absolutely to marry him, and perswaded him to comply with his Uncle. This he resented so ill from me, that thinking I had a secret Aversion for him, and that the Thoughts of a near Alliance disgusted me, he sighing, said, well, Madam, I will marry *Cleodora*, because I see it pleases you; and if I can as well disguise my Aversion to her, as you have your Affection to me, I may, in time, forget *Lindamira*, that has so ill rewarded the most constant and faithful of Lovers.

This Reproach extremely afflicted me; for I valu'd *Cleomidon* beyond all things in the World; and tho I ought to have been most just to his Merits, yet I could not persuade myself, he should mix his Fortune with mine. This dire Resolve was an unexpressible Affliction to him; and being possess'd I had an Antipathy to him, he rose up to be gone, telling me he would obey me; and as a Demonstration of his Love, that

I should see he would make all things easy to him, when it might contribute to my Satisfaction. These words were like a Dagger to my Heart, that he should have such wrong Notions of that Friendship I had for him; I therefore endeavour'd to convince him, that greater proof could not be given of a sincere Affection, than to sacrifice my own Quiet and Happiness to his Interest, and that in persuading him to comply with his Uncle, was his Advantage not mine. Ah! Madam, saith he coldly, you are so much Mistress of your Heart, and of your Affections, that I being unworthy of so great a Blessing of being your Husband, I must not pretend to vanquish a Resolution, you have made of rendering me for ever miserable. So I will take from your Sight a Person, that is become detestable and odious to you.

He gave me not time to reply, but made a Bow, and went out of the Room, fetching such Sighs, as would have made a Heart of Stone to relent. Then I began to see my Error, and blame myself for my Insensibility; I sent a Servant immediately after him, but for my ill Fortune, could not set Eyes on him; for he went the quite contrary way. I gave vent to my Tears, but they brought me small Relief; for my ill boding Heart told me, I repented too late; nor could I resolve to see him in the Arms of my Rival, which shew'd that he was not indifferent to me. I was then more sensible how unworthily I had requited so sincere an Affection, which  
 merited



merited a better State than what he so ardently desir'd. The next Morning I wrote to him, but the Messenger brought back my own Letter, which put me in a great Consternation what the Reason should be; but he told me, that *Cleomidon* was gone out an Hour before he went, that his Man knew not where, who said, that his Master seem'd extremely afflicted, and had not slept all that Night. This News gave me the most cruel and sharpest Pain I ever felt; for I was consci us to myself, I was the Cause of that Disturbance in his Mind. I sent again that Afternoon to his Lodging, but he was not return'd; but in the Evening, the Messenger I sent met with him, who gave the Letter to *Cleomidon*, which he read, and sigh'd extremely, and Tears were seen to fall from his Eyes, which he endeavour'd to hide; but, said he, tell *Lindamira*, I have not time to answer her Letter, for this is my Nuptial Night; but she shall have a Letter from me to Morrow.

Where shall I find Words, my *Indamora*, to express my Grief, my Surprize, and my Repentance? My Passion was without Moderation; I was almost drown'd in my Tears, I was deaf to all Reason, to the Persuasions of those that were with me; nothing but the Name of *Cleomidon* could I utter: his Love was magnify'd in my Fancy; my Rival appear'd to my Imagination, fair, and fond of him, who was infinitely more fortunate than I; for without knowing the  
least



least uneasy Thought, she possess'd the most deserving Man alive; and I had lost him through a foolish Caprice of my own. I could blame none but myself for my ill Fate; I had not this relief, to think he had deserv'd my Resentments by any neglect of his; but, on the contrary, he was faithful and generous to an infinite degree. Thus did I torment myself all that Night, without letting Sleep to close my Eyes; tho sometimes I was willing to flatter myself, this was a trick to try my Constancy, and by that he might find if my Affection answered his. But alas! it was too true, for from a Letter from *Cleomidon*, I receiv'd a Confirmation of the Message he had sent; which contain'd these few Words.

*Cleomidon to Lindamira.*

**I** Have obey'd you, Madam, and am married to Cleodora, but with that Reluctancy, that it had been a generous Charity to have depriv'd me of my Life, when by the Rigour of your Command I gave my Hand to Cleodora: But my Heart is still yours, use it as severely as you please; for you can make no Addition to my present Misfortune; for I am, of all Men, the most miserable; and the only Comfort I can find, is that I have oblig'd my cruel Lindamira, whom, in my Heart, I must adore, whilst Life remains in

Your Disconsolate  
Cleomidon.

I read this Letter with such Inquietude of Mind that I knew not what I read; nor could I believe, at first, that it was the Hand of *Cleomidon*; but by often perusing it, to my unspeakable Grief, I knew my Doom; and that the Heart of this faithful Friend belong'd to another, tho he told me it was still mine. It was a long time before I could resolve what Answer to return. I wrote him twenty several Letters, before I pitch'd upon one I thought proper to send him; for still my Pen would write so kind, and so sensible of his Grief, that I thought I should commit a great Indiscretion if I did not alter my Style; so, at last, I concluded upon this Answer.

*Lindamira to Cleomidon.*

**I** Will not endeavour to excuse the Rigour you accuse me of, since *Cleomidon* has put himself out of the power of being mine. May my Wishes be propitious, and that in *Cleodora* you may find more Happiness than you expected: Look upon her as your Wife, and forget *Lindamira*, who merited not the Happiness of being yours: But, in spite of my hard Destiny, I must esteem what I once thought worthy of my Love. Adieu.

To

To this Letter he return'd an Answer, too kind for the Husband of *Cleodora*, but not for the Lover of *Lindamira*; but as such, I was to look upon him: therefore I concluded, that I ought not to send him any more, lest it should keep up the Flame, I wish'd might be extinguish'd in his Heart. I only then sent a Message by *Iris*, to desire him to write no more, for I would not answer any Letters from him. This he resented unkindly, which, he said, was an Aggravation of his Grief; for he propos'd some Redress, by receiving these innocent Testimonies of my Affection; but he would submit to whatever I thought fit.

At the Return of *Iris* I was inform'd of the Particulars of this precipitate Resolution he took, and executed: For when he parted from me, in his way home, he encountred *Alcander*, who oblig'd him to go along with him, which was to *Cleodora's* Lodging; when he was there, the cruel *Lyndaraxa* so craftily play'd her part, as to prevail with *Alcander* to resolve upon the Marriage the next Day, betwixt her Niece and *Cleomidan*, who was then so extremely discontented at my Denial, as being pre-possess'd with an Opinion I had a secret Aversion to him, that he consented to the Proposal, without the least thought of having any Settlements made at his Marriage, as *Alcander* had always promis'd him; but blindly he obey'd him the next Morning, for which rash Deed, he said, he never could enough repent of.

About

About a Month after, in the same Family, another Wedding was celebrated, which was that of *Alcander* with *Lyndaraxa*, who, by her Cunning and Insinuation, had so flatter'd the Old Gentleman, as to persuade him to marry her; for she had deep Designs in what she did: For tho *Alcander* was of a covetous Temper; yet he would have been just to his Word, had not *Lyndaraxa* influenced his Mind so far, as to make him forget the Duty *Cleomidon* paid him.

At another time this Disappointment in his Uncle's Marriage would have been a great Affliction to him; but his Soul was so ruffled and disturbed, at what could not be remedied, that he seem'd not the-least disgusted at it, but made what Haste he could out of Town; for in the Country he could better conceal his Discontents from his Friends, than when he was continually amongst them. I will now leave him there for two Years in the Enjoyment of his *Cleodora*, who had no reason to be dissatisfied with him; for he treated her with great Civility and Respect. I heard by some Gentlemen of that Country, that he was grown extreme melancholy, and did not much care for Company: He walk'd much alone, and Books were his greatest Entertainment.

A little before the Departure of *Cleomidon*, you, my dear *Indamora*, came to Town with the amiable *Lucretia*; from whom I have receiv'd a thousand Obligations, which I despair of requiting. It was through your Persuasions,



suasions, I was induc'd to take that Journey into *Suffex*, with *Lucretia* and yourself: The agreeableness of the Place so enchanted me, that 'twas with much regret I quitted such excellent Conversation so soon; but you know, my Aunt, *Udotia's* Mother, sent for us up to Town, to be at the Wedding of *Doralisa*, her eldest Daughter, of whose Virtues, till that time, I had not much Knowledge. I must confess, I was loth to go, for your seasonable Counsels help'd to support me, under the greatest Pressures I then sustain'd: But I saw no Remedy but Patience, and that difficult Virtue I endeavour'd to practise. The remembrance of *Cleomidon* was ever present in my Thoughts: He appeared to me more lovely than ever; my Esteem of him was equal to his Virtue. I applied myself to read Philosophy; but the Precepts of the Wise did not influence my Mind at all, for I found it impossible to forget him that had lov'd me even to Idolatry; and as great Souls are most capable of a lasting Passion, I did not endeavour to oppose that Inclination in my Heart, but did resolve to love him eternally. Company was troublesome to me; and I renounced all sorts of Divertisements for the Pleasure of being alone, and of thinking on him: But you, my *Indamora*, would not suffer me to indulge myself in so great a Melancholy; and argued so well against the Effects of Thinking much, and of giving way to a fruitless Repentance, that, at last, you made me sensible, that we ought to submit to our Lot; and that none were truly  
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miserable that were not wanting to themselves.

I left you then in *Suffex*, and came to *London*; my Aunt receiv'd me with all the Kindness imaginable. I was much charm'd with *Doralisa*, my Cousin, who had been come out of *France* half a year before: Her Humour was very lively and taking, and her Conversation the most agreeable in the World; she was something negligent in her Dress, which, I thought, made her appear the more beautiful. Her Eyes are full of Sweetness; her Face is excellently well made, her Skin of an admirable Whiteness; when she speaks, she delights all that hear her; for what she says, is full of Wit; but above all, there is something in her Voice that is full of Sweetness and Harmony.

You will not wonder, my *Indamora*, I took an Affection for a Relation so very deserving, who bore a part with me in all my Afflictions: She made me partly forget my Sorrows, by her pleasant Conversation; she would entertain me with the Splendour and Magnificence of the *French* King, of his Amours, and of the Gallantry of that Nation; their Politeness and Acuteness in Conversation; and made me an ingenuous Confession of a Conquest she had made of one of the greatest Gallants of the Court: and believing this Digression will not be displeasing to you (since nothing of Moment happened to me of a considerable time) I will entertain you with the Adventures of my Cousin, which will serve to pass  
away

away your idle Intervals in the Country, which will be more diverting than my own, wherein has been so long a Scene of Melancholy, that in my next you shall have an Account of her Amours, as faithfully as my Memory can relate them.

But having finish'd that Part you so much desir'd to know, and by what ill Fate I became so unhappy, I have, my *Indamora*, given you an impartial Account, both of my Thoughts and Actions. I beg you will have some Indulgence for me; and tho you may justly tax me with many Faults, yet I know your Kindness is so generous, as not to upbraid me for them; but like a Friend, will not despise the small Present I have made you, which, pray accept with the same Goodness as you have ever done whatever fell from the Pen of, my dearest *Indamora*,

*Your most True and*

*Faithful Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

T H E

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*DORALISA,*  
And the Pleasant Young  
*OVID.*

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LETTER XIV.

WHEN *Doralisa* went into *France*, she was in her Seventeenth Year: She accompany'd a Lady of considerable Quality, and of great Reputation, to whose Care she was committed by her Parents. She had not been long in *Paris*, but she was visited by all the *English* of any Fashion; who were very assiduous in shewing her all the Diversions that mighty City afforded. Her Youth and Beauty soon made her be taken notice of: The *French* Ladies took much Pleasure in her Company: And the bad *French* she at first spoke was exceeding pretty; but what by her Natural Sagacity, what by the Influence of the best Conversation, in few Months she became Mistress of that polite Language. As 'tis natural to love one better than another, so *Doralisa* found in her Heart, a particular  
Esteem



Esteem for a certain Lady call'd *Corinna*, a very lovely Person, with whom she contracted a most intimate Acquaintance. In her Company she past the greatest part of her time; and *Corinna* being oblig'd to go to *Fountainbleau*, for three Months, prevail'd with *Doralisa* to accompany her to this Place; for, said she, it is the most delightful of any in *France*. It took its Name originally from the fine Springs, that were accidentally discovered by one of the late Kings of *France*, who was so charm'd at the Sweetness of the Situation, that he built a stately Palace there; which, for the Magnificence of its Building, and fine Paintings, comes not much short of any of the other Royal Structures. In the Park, which joins to the finest of the Gardens, is a Fountain, which is call'd *The Star*, by reason of seven Walks of high Elms, that proceed from it, which lead to several parts of the Park. This Place, continued *Corinna*, is so romantick, that it raises the Curiosity of most Travellers to come from *Paris*, and further, to be Witnesses of what Fame has made so extravagantly pleasant to them: they all agree, that it exceeds the best Description was ever made of it; therefore *Doralisa*, said *Corinna*, you must be Witness of what has given so much Satisfaction to all that have seen it: But that which adds to the Beauty of the Place, is the large Forest near the Town, which is so rural, and withal so pleasant, that some Persons prefer it to the Gardens, that are cultivated by all the Art imaginable. *Doralisa*

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reply'd, That the happiness of her Conversation was Inducement enough to wait on her where ever she went ; but she had received so perfect an Idea of *Fountainbleau*, by the Ingenious Description she had given of it, that she figur'd to herself all that was delightful in that Place : But, said *Corinna*, smiling, You will oblige me more than you imagine, by the Enjoyment of your Company : For that is the Place where I first took Breath, and having suck'd in that Air, I naturally affect it more than any Place in *France* ; therefore resolve upon this Journey, and let me know if any Place in *England* exceeds what I shall shew you there. *Doralisa* could not withstand her amiable Friend's Request, and in few days they took this pleasant Journey, which was in the Month of *May*. The next day after their Arrival, these two charming Ladies went to view these celebrated Gardens, the Grotto's and the Fountains ; and *Doralisa* was extremely delighted with the Water-works, and admired the Variety of them : And within the Grotto, the Waters fell from one Bason to another, which made so melancholy a Sound, and yet so pleasing, that she thought herself within an Inchant'd Island ; nor had she power to stir, had not *Corinna* forc'd her from thence, to take a Walk up to the Star-Fountain, which pleas'd her beyond what she had seen yet ; not for the Beauty of the Fountain, but for those seven shady Walks of high Elms, that lead from it, to several parts of the Park. Upon  
the

the side of this Fountain these Ladies sate them down to rest themselves, and to admire the excellent Design of all that they had seen. I must acknowledge, said *Doralisa*, that this surpasses what I ever saw in *England*, and I think my time so well recompensed for the Pains I have taken in walking so long, that I must do Justice to *Fountainbleau*, and I tell you, I think it the most delightful and most charming Place in the World. But you have not seen all, said *Corinna*, that deserves your Admiration, and that is the Palace of our Great Monarch, which will merit your Attention in viewing the curious Paintings in it.

At these Words they rose up, and went into the first Court that leads to the Front of the Palace, where they beheld the noble Designs of the Architecture; but when they entered this magnificent Building, they saw enough to admire. They past into the Galleries, where hung the Pictures of the late Kings and Queens of *France*; as also, the Portrait of the present King, the Dauphin, and Dauphiness, and those of the most celebrated Beauties of the Court, which afforded to *Doralisa* a great deal of Delight, who had a natural Genius to Painting, and had so much Skill to judge of how great Value they were, and being more knowing than most Ladies are, could distinguish Originals from Copies; that her Eyes were never satisfied, the more she look'd, the more she admired: But the Obscurity of the Night coming on, forc'd her

to forsake a Place, that had so charm'd her Senses. *Doralisa* gave her Friend a thousand Thanks for the Pleasures of that Evening's Walk; and these two charming Beauties concluded upon passing most of their Evenings there, but were prevented by the sudden arrival of the Court of *France*, which was then extremely magnificent and splendid, so that *Doralisa*, unexpectedly, saw all that was rare in *France*, and the most celebrated Beauties of that time. We will suppose the Inhabitants of *Fountain-Bleau* full of Joy for the Arrival of their Monarch; and in the midst of their Acclamations, I'll take leave of my dear *Indamora*, and am,

*Her most Faithful*

*Friend and Servant,*

Lindamira.



## LETTER XV.

THE King, who seldom honour'd *Fountain-Bleau* with his Royal Presence, fill'd his Peoples Hearts so full of Joy for his Arrival, that, they thought, they could never enough express their Satisfaction: And being inform'd the King, the next Day, was gone to take a Walk in the Park, the Inhabitants flock'd thither in great Numbers; and to shew their Respect to their King, they all dressed themselves in their best Apparel, and made as fine an Appearance as they could. Amongst this Number was *Corinna*, and *Doralisa*, when coming into the Park, they discover'd, at a distance, the King and his Attendants a walking, and being led on by their Curiosity, they advanc'd towards the Fountain, where they stood to expect the King, who, in another of the Walks, was coming that way, where they all waited for his Arrival. When his Majesty was arriv'd at the Fountain, he was pleas'd to make a stop to shew himself to his People, who made their Obedience to him, and he seem'd much pleas'd to behold the Multitude of People that was flock'd thither to see him. Amongst the Croud, were a great many Young Ladies, who had plac'd themselves next to the Fountain, to have a better

better view of the King, who was pleased to take a particular Notice of them ; for, 'tis well known, he is no Enemy to the fair Sex : and having observ'd them all, he, at last, fix'd his Eyes on *Doralisa*, and perceiving she was not a Native of the Place (for her Complexion far exceeded any there) it excited a Curiosity in him to know who she was, and turning to one of the Lords of his Retinue, demanded who *Doralisa* was, and of what Country ? But he not being able to satisfy his Majesty, made Enquiry of some that stood by ; and all the information he could get, that she was call'd *La Belle Angloise* : The King seem'd much pleas'd with the Innocence of her Looks, and her modest Countenance, and said to those that were near him, *That if the Ladies of England were all so handsome as Doralisa, their Conquests would exceed those of their Monarch over his Enemies.* But the King fix'd his Eyes so much on her, that all that perceiv'd him, look'd on her, to admire what took up his Attention so much ; which, *Doralisa* perceiving, it made her blush, and she modestly withdrew from the Company.

*Corinna* said a thousand pleasant Things to her upon this Adventure, telling her, her Beauty would get her Enemies as well as Friends ; for she could assure her, there was a Lady at the Court, that would be very jealous of her, did she know what Notice the King took of her, which would be a Secret to her no longer than till the News could be

brought to her ; to which *Doralisa* replied, That her Charms were not capable of raising Jealousy, especially in the Breasts of the French ladies, who, generally, had too much Wit to afflict themselves with what might never happen. But tell me, said *Doralisa*, when I shall see the fair *Bellamira*, in whose Praise you have spoke so much, that I am become impatient for a Sight of that amiable Person? We will go to Morrow, reply'd *Corinna*, and I shall oblige *Bellamira* in bringing her so fair a Visitant, and you will find her very caressing and obliging.

The next Day these two agreeable Friends went to pay their Service to *Bellamira*, who receiv'd them with equal Respect ; and *Corinna* presented *Doralisa* to her, as a Person worthy of her Friendship ; for, said she, Madam, this *English* Lady is one whom I infinitely esteem, and whose agreeable Qualities have so endear'd me to her, that I could not resolve upon this Journey till I had prevail'd with *Doralisa* to accompany me in it, which I'm certain she cannot repent of, since I've procur'd her the sight of the charming *Bellamira*, and your Friendship I also desire, as a Recompence of the Favour she has done me : To which *Bellamira* reply'd, That she should readily obey her ; for she found an Inclination in her Soul to Love that charming Lady ; but since she was her Friend, she had an Obligation upon her to love what she thought worthy. *Doralisa* was so charm'd with the Obligingness of these two Ladies, that she wanted Words to express  
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her Gratitude, and Sense of their Favours. And after these Compliments were past, *Bellamira* demanded of *Doralisa*, If she had seen the Palace, and the Apartment of the King and Dauphin? *Doralisa* reply'd, That she had been over a great part of the Palace; but there yet remain'd a larger part of this stately Building she had not yet seen. If you please then, said *Bellamira*, let me have the Honour to shew you what remains, and I will also procure you the sight of the King's Closet, wherein are Rarities of an inestimable Value. *Doralisa* readily accepted of this Offer, and suffered herself to be conducted by *Bellamira*. This fair Troop then went first to see the King's Closet, which gave them cause enough for their Admiration; from thence they past through several Apartments, and came into the Stone-Gallery, which leads to the Garden of Orange-Trees: *Bellamira* desired them to observe how the Marble Stones of the Gallery were discoloured with Blood, in several Places, which the Art of Man could not wash out; for the Blood that is unjustly spilt, said she, will remain to perpetuate the Memory of the Murderer: These Words rais'd a Curiosity in *Doralisa* to know the Cause of it, which *Bellamira* acquainted her, was done by the Command of the Queen of *Sweedland*, to one of her own Domesticks, whom she thought worthy of her just Resentments, and caus'd him there to be shot to Death, whilst she stood by to see him executed. But



the Particulars of it are in Print ; and therefore, I believe, not unknown to yourself, which makes me run it over so briefly.

From thence they went into the Garden of Orange-Trees, where once happen'd a Scene of Mirth, which *Bellamira* promis'd to acquaint them with : As soon as *Doralisa* had survey'd the Garden, and beheld in what Order it was kept, and her Sense of Smelling so gratified, with the odoriferous Scents of Orange-Flowers, and Jessamin, that she turn'd about to her two Companions, and told them, she thought this so delicious a Place, that she could resemble it to nothing so much as to *Cupid's* Garden, he prepar'd to entertain his fair *Psyche* in : Others have been of your Mind, reply'd *Bellamira* ; but, if you please, you shall see those excellent Pieces of the greatest Statuaries of their Time, which she shew'd to these Ladies ; but made them observe a Marble Pedestal, whereon was no Statue ; but had on it once, one of the Fairest in the World : By what Accident is it not there now, said *Doralisa* ? You must know, said *Bellamira*, that one Summer, when the Court was here, two of the Ladies of the Queen's Bed-Chamber, took up an Humour of walking here every Evening, which they spent in the Admiration of those most famous Artists, that had made these Statues you see. They pretended to have much Judgment and Skill in true Shape, and Proportion, and thought they had as much Knowledge as the Artists themselves ; this being their constant Diversion in  
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an Evening, there was a young Chevalier of the Court, who design'd to play these Ladies a Trick, which he thus executed: One Night he plac'd himself on the Pedestal you see, in the posture of a *Mercury*, with his Right Hand extended out, and his Left Leg rais'd up, as if he was upon some great Expedition to the Gods: Thus was he placed when these Ladies past by, and perceiving a new Statue erected, they made a stop to behold, what, to their Eyes, appear'd more rare than any of the others. One of the Ladies, who was named *Paulina*, made great Acclamations of Wonder, that any thing of Art could imitate Nature so well, and so much to the Life, saying, That never was a truer Proportion seen, and Limbs so exactly fine, and a Body so exquisitely well made! Ah! Mademoiselle, said *Lucina*, look on this Face, and there you'll see cause for the Admiration; see how much Life there is in those Eyes, what a noble Mien he has, how much Spirit appears through the Lines of that Face, which, to me, seems the most charming of any thing living I ever saw! In fine, said *Paulina*, I never saw any thing so admirable, so delicate, and so much to the Life, as this *Mercury*.

As they were thus employ'd in the Contemplation of their *Mercury*, the Spark being tired, with standing so long in one Posture, he gently lets fall his Leg to rest himself, which the Ladies perceiving, they thought

it had been a Spirit, and being extremely surpriz'd at this Adventure, they ran away, and screech'd so loud, that the Court was in an Uprore, and imagin'd some Person had been murdered. The Spark, who apprehended the Consequences of their Screeches, and loud Cries, leaps from the Pedestal, and ran after them, to convince them he was no Spirit, which they perceiving, redoubled their Cries, and their Speed, and came running into the Gallery like two Furies, but were not able to speak a Word, their Astonishment was so great. In the mean time some Gentlemen had the Curiosity to go into the Garden, to find out the cause of this Out-cry, which they soon discover'd, by meeting the *Chevalier de B——* behind an Orange-Tree, who was so ashamed and confounded at this unlucky Accident, that, of a long time, he was not able to speak to make his Defence for this Frolick; but his generous Friends took pity on him, and caus'd a Cloak to be brought to cover him, and so conducted him a back way to his own Apartment; where, after he had recovered the Vexation this Adventure had put him into, he gave a most pleasant Relation of the Praises the Ladies had given him, and what Excellencies they had discover'd in his Shape and Proportion, which he recounted so agreeable, that he afforded to his Friends a great deal of Diversion, which they had to his Cost; and, after this Accident, nothing was talked of but the Beau-Mercury. But this unhappy Dis-

Discovery of the Chevalier *de B*—— caus'd him much Disgrace; for the Ladies were so malicious as to complain of him, that had given them so much Satisfaction, and obtain'd of the King, that he might be banish'd from the Court, highly exaggerating the Boldness of the Action, as being committed in his Majesty's Garden. Therefore young *Mercury* tacitly withdrew; and, in his absence, his Friends interceded so happily for him, that they procur'd his Pardon of the King; and after two Months Exile, he return'd triumphant over the Causers of his Disgrace. The Ladies were so concern'd at his good Fortune, that they withdrew from the Court, for they could not endure the Sight of him: But they repented of it afterwards; for some new Adventure happen'd soon after, which always drives the latter out of Remembrance: For in Courts, where Love and Gallantry are so much practis'd, as in the Court of *France*, there never wants for News.

*Bellamira* having finished her Narration, her two charming Friends returned her thanks for the Entertainment she gave them, and went away very much satisfied with what they had heard and seen, and at parting, made an Agreement to be at *Bellamira's* Apartment the next Evening, who had promis'd to procure a Friend, that should introduce them into the King's Presence, when he was at Supper; for which Favour



*Bellamira* receiv'd a thousand Thanks, and so they parted, and betook themselves to their Beds, where I shall leave them to enjoy their pleasing Dreams; and must hope from my *Indamora's* Goodness, a Pardon for my Inabilities in describing the Genius of these *French* Ladies; for the little Conversation I have had with those of that Nation (more than what was requisite for my learning of the Language) I hope will atone for my Fault, and that you will accept of this imperfect Relation from

Your

*Lindamira.*

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## L E T T E R   X V I.

THE time of Assignment being come, *Doralisa* and *Corinna* went to the Apartment of *Bellamira*, who impatiently waited their Arrival, and imbracing them both, my charming Friends, said she, none but yourselves can judge what Inquietudes I have suffered in your Absence; that if I am as far advanc'd in your Esteem, as you are both in mine, you may apprehend what 'tis to be separated from those one loves. Her two Friends reply'd, *That their Sentiments were the same, and they had come sooner than the appointed Hour, had not Company prevented them.* Soon after, came in the Marquiss of L——, who was allied to *Bellamira*, and from him she expected the Conduct of these Ladies to the Palace of the King. The young Marquiss testified, both by his Words and Actions, how great an Honour it was to him. After some Discourse of indifferent things, they fell upon that of Love and Gallantry: The Marquiss, who was the most accomplish'd Man in the Court, and was naturally very amorous, said many pleasant things upon this Subject. His Nature was brisk, airy, and facetious; For his fluent, natural, easy Wit, he was call'd *The Young Ovid*, and was known more by that Name, than

than by his Title : He had an admirable Genius to Poetry, and his Compositions of that kind, were of so happy, so polite, so peculiar a Character, and withal, so excellent a Judgment, that few could equal him : And *Bellamira*, who knowing his admirable Talent that way, intreated him to repeat some of his Verses to her two amiable Friends, which the Marquis modestly refused at first ; but seeing the Ladies would be obey'd, he repeated some Verses in imitation of *Virgil*, which he perform'd with an admirable Grace ; and *Corinna* (who never yet discover'd her Genius that way) gave him such Praises, that let the whole Company see her Wit and Judgment ; and finding she was very conversant in all sorts of Poetry, he desired the Honour of hearing some of her's, and us'd so much Impressment, that *Corinna* could not refuse the Marquis what he desir'd, and repeated to him a Copy of Verses upon the Tyranny of Love, and another upon Jealousy, wherein she discover'd much delicacy of Thought ; the Stile was noble, lofty, and natural.

Thus did these two Wits entertain the Company ; and *Doralisa* told *Corinna*, she never knew she had a Faculty that way ; and asked her most obligingly, why she never entertain'd her with some of her Poetry, for she was a great Lover of it ? She gave her this Reason, *That she durst never indulge the Humour of Versifying, for fear of the Censure*  
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*that attends Poets, who are suppos'd to attribute a Power to Mortals, that belongs only to the Divinity, especially when they pay Incense to the Fair Ones they adore.*

Ah! Madam, said *Ovid*, how great a Solecism would it be both in a Lover and a Poet, if he did not look upon his Mistress, as the sublimest Object of his Thoughts; and they that declaim against Love, or his Power, are not worthy to know it; and there is even a Pleasure in those disquieting Amours, that are so much complain'd of; and the Honour of being captivated by a Lady of Wit, and bearing the glorious Title of her Servant, does sufficiently recompense the Disquietude that her Rigour sometimes causes: Since one Smile, or a kind Look, restores the Lover to his former Tranquillity of Mind. You speak so feelingly, said *Belamira*, as if you had experienc'd the Rigour of some fair One: But 'tis not to be doubted, but that she has repented of her too great Severity, since you can so well describe the Joys that one Smile can give. I cannot deny, Madam, said *Ovid*, but that I have known the Joys, the Rapture, the Hopes and Fears, and all the Passions that attend a Lover, by my own Experience: And yet I do not wish to have my Heart free from the Torments of Love; for Love has something of Pleasure in it: 'Tis the Soul of Life, it quickens the Apprehension, makes a Man lively, brisk and airy, notwithstanding the uneasy Intervals that wait on it; and charming



ing *Corinna*, said he, turning towards her, I am in Love with your Poetry, with *Doralisa's* Modesty, and with *Bellamira's* great Bounty, in suffering so long my Conversation, and being all Ladies of Wit and Beauty, I know not on which to fix my Heart; but if you would give me leave to love you all, I would be a constant Admirer, and confine my Love to the narrow Limits of Three. You give such a pleasant Description of the Inconstancy of your Humour, reply'd *Bellamira*, that 'tis no Glory to be the Mistress of *Ovid*, tho' it must be a Satisfaction to be loved by a Person of so much Wit; and if these Ladies can content themselves with part of your Heart, I'll be content to divide with them; for my part, said *Corinna*, I fear I shall be jealous of my two Fair Rivals, that they will go away with the greatest Share of it: And I had rather have no part at all, said *Doralisa*, and smiled, than share it with two such dangerous Rivals, which, I can as ill bear in my Love as a Monarch on his Throne; therefore I will excuse the Marquis from being in Love with me, or of making any Songs or Verses on me, being a Theme not worthy of so great a Wit. You wrong your Judgment, Madam, reply'd *Ovid*, For what Theme can be more sublime, than that of the Fair? And since I love to be sincere, I find an Inclination in my Soul most to be yours. 'Tis then in opposition to those Ladies Virtues, said *Doralisa*, or to the Humour I have not to accept of a  
Heart

Heart by Halves: You shall then have all, said *Ovid* jocosely, if these Ladies will render back what they have in their Power, and so shew what Power your Beauty can produce: You shall reign Sovereign in my Heart, till such time that you are tired with the Sovereignty, or I with your Arbitrary Power.

These Ladies made themselves exceeding merry at the indifferent Humour of the Marquiss, and rallied him so wittily, that he was almost at a Non-plus how to defend himself against their Attacks; but he told them they were all so charming, so amiable, and so agreeable, that if he did not depart from them, he should not have one bit of his Heart left to throw at the next Fair One he met; but if they would accept of it amongst them, it should be at their Service. They all thank'd him for the Nobleness of the Present; but he being so indifferent on whom he bestow'd it, they thought he had best keep the Jewel for his own wearing. At this the Marquiss rose up and was going away with a small Fragment of his Heart, when *Bellamira* reproach'd him with what he had promis'd the Ladies, who had undertaken to conduct them into the King's Presence: But he excus'd his ill Memory, and beg'd their Pardon, that he should forget to pay them that Service he came to render them. It being time to be gone, he led this Fair Troop to the King's Apartment, and placed *Doralisa* where she might have the best Sight of this great Monarch. The King no sooner cast his Eyes on her,

her, but he remembred he had seen her at the *Star Fountain*; and she being a Stranger at the Place, his Majesty, in a great Complement, presented her with a Plate of the finest Sweet-meats there, which particular Favour was receiv'd with a graceful Action from *Doralisa*, and her Beauty was then more taken notice of than before; and that Day proved a day of great Conquests, which procured her the Envy of some of the greatest Beauties of the Court.

As soon as Supper was ended, these Ladies retired to *Corinna's* Apartment, where they spent the rest of the Evening in relating what they had seen; and the Honour the King did *Doralisa*, was Subject enough for Discourse. But, all on a sudden, the Marquiss became very dull and pensive; and *Bellamira* demanded the cause of so great an Alteration, he with a terrible Sigh, replied, *That he was become the most amorous Man in the World, and did believe, not any loved with so violent a Passion as himself; for he was already jealous, fearful, and mistrustful.* These Ladies diverted themselves at his Discourse, and told him, his serious Humour did not become him so well as his indifferent one. But, said the Marquiss, turning towards *Doralisa*, *Do you believe, Madam, that a Man loaded with Chains, can walk, speak, or look with that Freedom as when his Shackles were off? No, my Charming Fair* (continued he) *you have not only fetter'd me, but involved me in such a Labyrinth of Love, that I know not when I shall be able to unwind myself, and get*  
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my Freedom again; for I already find I would not shake off your Fetters, and had rather die than cure my Mind: And all the frightful Visions of Love, of Despairs, and Jealousies, cannot divert my Thoughts of being eternally yours. The Marquis spoke this so seriously, that all the Company laugh'd at him, and beg'd of him to put off his Disguise, and become the same pleasant Ovid he was a few Hours before, and not the dull Lover, which did not suit his pleasant Humour; but he only answered them with Sighs, and became so altered, that they fear'd he was become a Lover indeed: And *Bellamira* finding he could not assume his former pleasant Humour, took leave of the Company, and the Marquis conducted her to her Apartment; but had agreed, before they parted, to meet the next Evening at the Star, from thence to take what Walks suited best with their Inclination. Thus did this fair Company separate, as Night always parts good Friends, and at their next Meeting you shall hear more of

*Your real Friend*

*and Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

LET-



## L E T T E R · XVII.

THE next Evening, the Marquis was the first that appeared at the Fountain, where he attended the Arrival of this Fair Troop ; but *Doralisa* had so wholly taken up his Thoughts, that he neglected answering a small Billet before he parted from his Lodging: He being there alone, and in a place so proper to entertain his Thoughts, and vent his Sighs, did often repeat the Name of *Doralisa*; Oh! my adorable Maid, said he, my charming Beauty, were I so blest to be beloved by thee, my Heart would have a Joy too great to receive Increase! But how can I hope to mollify a Heart already (perhaps) pre-possess'd with some violent Passion? Have I not shewn that Indifference to her, that will give her an Opinion I am incapable of Love? And she will think so poorly of my Love, that I shall want a Thousand Oaths and Vows to confirm her in what I say: But why, I know not; my Soul is so perplexed with Jealousies and Fears, that I already suffer a Martyrdom? She seems to me so wondrous Fair, so full of Charms and Innocence, that in my Extravagance of Love, I shall grow troublesome, and dread every Look she gives another.

other. Thus was the Marquiss entertaining of himself, when he was surpriz'd by *Bellamira*, who was the next arrived, and overhearing some broken Speeches, and seeing a Disorder in his Looks, confirm'd her in the Belief that he was really become amorous of *Doralisa*; and accosting him with a Smile, Well *Monfieur la Marquis*, said she, I am of opinion, you are become the Slave of *Doralisa*, instead of the Lover of us all three. What are your Sentiments changed already? And have you forgot you throw'd your Heart at us all? And must *Doralisa* be the *Venus* that must go away with the Prize? And must the *French Beauties* yield to the *English* one? No, no, continued *Bellamira*, we shall begin a Quarrel with you, and call your Judgment in question; these latter Words she spoke with so serious an Air, that the Marquiss seem'd much concern'd he had disoblinded so amiable a Friend as *Bellamira*; for whom he had a great Esteem and Friendship, and was about to make his Peace with her, when she prevented him, in saying, That she only rallied him; and that she must allow his Judgment unquestionable, since he had prefer'd *Doralisa's Beauty* before hers, or *Corinna's*. The Marquiss seem'd over-joy'd to find her Sentiments so obliging; and he freely acknowledg'd to her, that he adored that charming Lady, and petitioned her Assistance in the Accomplishment of his Happiness; which *Bellamora* promised to the utmost of her Power: and soon after an Opportunity

tunity offered itself; for the other two were far advanced into the Walk, before they were perceived. Come, Monsieur, said *Bellamira* let us go meet your adorable *Doralisa*, and let her know, from your own Mouth, how great a Miracle is wrought in her Favour beyond us all, that she has made a Slave of the most gallant, and most accomplish'd Man in our Court.

The Encounter of this Hero with *Doralisa*, seemed extreme pleasant to the other two; for, as formerly there appear'd a Joy in his Eyes, a Tranquillity in his Mind, he became chagrine and melancholy, and his serious Look sat so ill upon him, that *Doralisa* pleasantly reproached him for the strange Metamorphose of his Soul, and wished him to assume his former Gaiety; for, said she, you cannot be good Company with that dismal Countenance, you have so affected. Did you but know, said *Bellamira*, the Agitations of his Soul, you wou'd not thus rally your Slave; for the Marquiss has made me the Confident of his Passion, and you, fair *Doralisa*, have robbed us of our Hopes. The Marquiss added to these Words all that a violent Passion could inspire him, and spoke so seriously, and used such inforcing Arguments, that *Doralisa* was forced to yield to her Reason, in this Opinion, that he had a real Affection for her: She received the Marks of his Esteem as an Honour to her; and in the most obliging Terms imaginable, returned her Acknowledgments; but

but our Lover told her, he would have her alter the Word Acknowledgment to one more ravishing and more sublime. What is that, said *Doralisa*, that can be more pleasing? 'Tis Love, Madam, reply'd the Marquiss, and that musical Sound would ravish my Soul, to have it spoke by so Fair a Mouth as *Doralisa*'s. They continued walking, and discoursing thus for an Hour; and the Marquiss, who had a Wit the most refined of any Man living, said so many endearing and passionate Things to *Doralisa*, that she, at last, yielded he should own his Passion for her: For, said he, Madam I not only make you a Present of my Heart, but I will not conceal the least thing in it, for I think it a Treason in Love, not to be pardoned, to hide from the Person loved, what ever they know, or think. This Evening seem'd to the Marquiss the most delightful of any in his Life; and tho. he was become a Prisoner of Love, his Chains were not heavy to him; for he enjoyed all the Satisfaction imaginable. He loved a Person infinitely charming, who was fair and virtuous; she used him with Respect, and he had Hopes that she one Day might be his: For he had a Fortune to make her happy, but as yet, only begg'd leave to adore her. For two Months did he pass his Time in the agreeable Conversation of these Ladies; and received from *Doralisa* a Confirmation of her Esteem and Friendship.

But,



But, as the Joys of Lovers are not lasting, so it proved to the poor Marquiss, who, according to his usual Custom, attended the King's Levee, and one Morning as soon as His Majesty was drest, he retired into his Closet, and commanded the Marquiss to follow him; as soon as he appeared, the King, in a very obliging Manner, told him, That he design'd to make him Lieutenant-General of his Forces, and that he must prepare to depart in ten Days; and added, that he knew none, in his Court, that could acquit themselves so well as himself; for both his Courage and Fidelity had been tried. This News was like a Thunder-bolt to his Heart; but he dissembled his Trouble as well as possible he could, and gave his Majesty Thanks for the Honour he did him; and tho it was with Reluctancy he accepted this Commission, yet durst he not refuse it. The Marquiss made his Obeisance to the King, and went strait to *Bellamira*, to communicate to that charming Friend his Grievs and Vexations. He complain'd to her of the Severity of his Destiny; for, said he, I never knew how to love till now: I have made a Mock of that blind Deity, and defied his Power; but now, I find, he has revenged himself of my Insensibility, and I am forced to depart from her that has possess'd my Heart, my Soul, and all my Thoughts. *Bellamira* heard his Complaints with much Sorrow, for she had a real Esteem for him. What think you, *Monsieur le Marquiss*, said she, have  
you

you not some Enemies at Court, that have thought of this Expedient to remove you from his Majesty? No, no, *Bellamira*, said he, no Enemies will seek my Preferment; but 'tis only to his Majesty that I am indebted for his Honour, who doubtless, admires the fair *Doralisa* and is become my Rival: These Surmises of yours, said *Bellamira*, are ill grounded, and he may admire the Beauty of *Doralisa*, and not love her: But confess the Truth, continued she, and smiled, have you not writ Verses and Panegyricks on the Beauty of the fair *Honorio*? and have you not entertain'd her after so gallant a Manner, as to persuade her you were in Love with her? 'Tis true, said *Ovid*, I have profess'd much Gallantry in all my Actions, and was kind to her, as I was to the rest of the fair Sex; but, I am certain, I never loved any but *Doralisa*; but what does this import to my Departure, charming *Bellamira*? Oh! very much, replied she, for this incens'd Beauty is become jealous of *Doralisa*; and, to my Knowledge, is grown very melancholy since you have own'd your Love to the fair One you adore, that she is hardly knowable. She converses with very few, and her most intimate Friend is *Angellina*, who, you know, has a great Power with the King: With her she sometimes spends whole Evenings, when her Royal Lover is not there; and, my Opinion is, that she, despairing of a Happiness you would bestow on *Doralisa*, has bethought her-

herself of this Revenge, that her Rival may be as miserable as herself, if possible. That cannot be, said the Marquiss, if *Doralisa* can but love like me. Tho long Absences are hard to bear: yet if a Mistress loves, and is sincere, faithful and constant, the Hopes of seeing her again, makes one endure a thousand other Misfortunes, and does excite Courage in a Man, that he may do a brave Action, worthy the Honour of being her Slave: but to bear this Separation, I stand in need of all my Courage, Fortune and Patience. But, after a long and fruitless Complaint, the Marquiss left *Bellamira*, and went to seek his Consolation in the sweet Conversation of *Doralisa* and *Corinna*, to whom he related this News, which extremely surprized and grieved them both; and till this Accident, *Doralisa* did not think she had more than Esteem and Friendship for the Marquiss; which he perceiving, Ah! my adorable *Doralisa*, said he, Am I so happy to have you partake in my Sorrows? Can a Beauty so divine, mix her Grievs with mine? This is ravishing beyond all my Hopes, and yet it is but Justice, my *Doralisa* should sympathize with me, that pay her so awful an Adoration. *Doralisa* then did no longer scruple to own the Perplexity of her Soul, and told the Marquiss, that she should suffer no less than he, in this cruel Absence; But the Esteem she had for him, she would preserve entirely, or till such Time that he had forgot her; but these Words drew from his

Mouth



Mouth a thousand Imprecations, and Vows of eternal Fidelity.

But, during this short Time the Marquiss had at *Fountain-Bleau*, he dedicated all his Time to *Doralisa*, and neglected some Business of Importance; but so much she did imploy his Thoughts, that this fair One reigned sole Empress in his Heart. All the Evenings were generally past away in the Park, or Gardens, in the Company of his adored Mistress, and her agreeable Companions, where he would bid a thousand Adieus to those conscious Scenes of his most faithful Love. To the Trees, Rocks and Fountains, did he bid an eternal Farewel, that sometimes one would think that Love had quite distracted him. The Time of his Separation drew near, and he had but two Nights more to pass at *Fountain-Bleau*. When, one Evening, as he was in Company of these Charming Ladies, a Page presented him with a Letter, saying, he waited his Answer; the Marquiss retreating two or three Steps, opened the Letter, and found these Words.

**I** Am driven to the last Extremity, that am forced to tell the insensible Marquiss, I love him a thousand Times more than my own Soul; and 'twere a Blessing to me to be depriv'd of this wretched Life, that I could no longer see the Happiness of my Rival. How many Times have I seen you walking with her, and whispering to her all the kind Things your Passion could inspire? Judge then how it

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wracks



*wracks my Soul to behold her Felicity, whilst I, poor miserable I, have no Redress, but to my Tears. Return, Return, ungrateful Man, and render back that Heart that only belongs to me; for it was first given to me, and in exchange I gave you mine! Say, that it was my own precipitate Inclination that seduced me, yet it was your good Humour that charmed me; and what are the Effects of this, but Sighs and Tears, and tormenting Disquiets; nay, and the worst of Deaths, a Jealousy insupportable! Adieu.*

Honorio.

This Letter gave the Marquis great Disturbance: but he called up all his Courage, and turning to the Page, told him, he would wait on Honorio. After this Dispatch, he made up to the Ladies, who expected his Return, and Doralisa express'd great Inquietudes, fearing it was a Challenge he had received (tho she apprehended none upon her own Account) but he being so general an Admirer of the Sex, she knew not what to imagine, and asked him, most obligingly, if it was good News: No bad, said the Marquis, and smiled, for the fair Ones are too good-natured to hurt those that pay them that Respect, their Merits claim from us. What do you mean by these Words, said Bellamira, has Honorio sent you that Billet? Why do you guess Honorio, said the Marquis; For those Reasons I have formerly told you, reply'd Bellamira, and therefore conceal no longer from us what is no Secret; and being over-

overcome by their Intreaty, he promised to shew the Letter, provided they would not speak of it: For he thought it beneath a Man of Honour, to boast of Favours from the fair Sex. They all promised him Secresy, and then produced this Letter, that so much afflicted him, not being in a Capacity of retaliating the Kindness *Honorio* express'd for him: he presented the Letter to *Doralisa*, saying, that he never imagin'd his indifferent Way of making Love to *Honorio*, would have produced these Effects: For he did believe she had Wit enough to take all in Rail-lery he had said: For tho he thought her fair, witty and agreeable, he never had more than Esteem for her. But *Doralisa* reproach'd him with the Inconstancy of his Humour, and told him, the next new Face he saw, would drive her out of his Remembrance; and that she must expect the same Fate of *Honorio*, to whom, she thought, he ought to go and make his Peace before his Departure: But she spoke this in such a Tone, that let the Marquis see he was not indifferent to her; which extorted from him Vows of Fidelity, and that his never-dying Passion should continue to the last Period of his Life. However, this Adventure gave him so much Disturbance, that he stood in need of all his Courage to bear up his great Heart against the Reproaches of a Lady of *Honorio's* Humour; but being commanded by *Doralisa*, to wait on her, he left this agreeable Company in the Garden, to go to

one, whom he had a mortal Aversion for. But the Melancholy that appeared in *Doralisa's* Eyes, testified to her two fair Companions, that the Marquiss was the Cause of it; and that the Hazards of War, made her to apprehend much Danger for him: But she received from these Ladies, all the Consolation she was capable of; and whilst they entertain'd themselves on this Subject, the Disconsolate *Honorio* had before her Eyes, nothing but Despairs and Jealousies; and the cruel Thoughts of the insensible *Ovid*, filled her fond Soul with so much Grief, that she often called on that kind Tyrant, Death, to take her from her restless Bed; or that her faithless Charmer would come Posting to her, and bring her the welcome Tidings of his eternal Love. Whilst thus her Thoughts were busied with his Ingratitude, the unhappy Marquiss enter'd her Chamber, with Disorder, both in his Looks and Steps, approached this incensed Beauty, who was so buried in her Grief, that she heard him not, till he had approached her Bed; the Sight of him awaken'd in her all her just Resentments (for she thought herself dishonour'd to be abandon'd for *Doralisa*) that Anger took Place of her Love, and she rose up from off her Bed, and darting Flashes of Anger from her Eyes, Are you come, said she, to reproach my Weakness, for having too much Love for an insensible and ungrateful Man? Or are you come to tell me you will abandon *Doralisa* for me?

Madam,



Madam, said the Marquiss, I come in Obedience to your Commands, not to reproach the Fair, nor to tell you I can alter my Sentiments for *Doralisa*. She hardly gave him leave to bring out these Words, but re-assuming a fierce Look, and a shrill Voice, she told him, *That his Insensibility should be rewarded; and that he should find the Effects of her Indignation.* The Marquiss was about to justify his Conduct to her; and that it was only Gallantry he had profess'd. She multiplied Words so fast upon him, that no Cannon Shot, in the besieging of a City, could fall with more Impetuosity, than did her Reproaches upon the Marquiss. She thundred in his Ears, and storm'd about the Room like one distracted: That tho the Marquiss wanted not for Courage, and was as valiant as any Man, yet did he not know how to defend himself against her Assaults and Batteries: But being resolved not to retreat till the Danger was over, he expected, with Patience, the Result of this Hurricane; and when *Honorio* had said all the bitter Things her Anger could suggest, she let fall a Shower of Tears, which would have mollified the Heart of any other than the Marquiss, whose Soul was entirely fixed on the invincible Charms of *Doralisa*, whose Treatment, to the Marquiss, was always mild, and full of Sweetness; when he saw she was in a Condition of hearkening to him, he grieved his hard Fate, that he knew not sooner those generous Sentiments she had



honoured him with, that now he was not in a Condition to retaliate Love for Love.

o *Honor*a, who was of a high Spirit, could hardly bear this Declaration; but, being sensible her Anger would not make a Lover break his Chains, she repented herself of her Folly; and being out of Hopes of making him of the Number of her Admirers, she told him, *It was she that had procured his Commission of the King: For she found some Consolation in knowing that her Rival must suffer Inquietudes no less than herself: For to be absent, said she (with a malicious Smile) from the Person loved, will be as insupportable, as the Sights from those one loves.* The Marquis hearken'd to her Reproaches, her Complaints, and her Wishes for his ill Success in War, and that the God of Love would sometimes punish him for his Ingratitude to her: She rose up, and went into her Closet, and lock'd the Door after her. The Marquis, who was not sorry for her abrupt Departure, bid her Adieu thro' the Door, and came immediately to his beloved *Doralisa*, to whom he recounted all that was past; and upon this Occasion, said to *Doralisa*, the most moving, the most passionate Things, that his Love could inspire him with; and the Malice of *Honor*a, in procuring his Preferment, he lamented in such Terms, that *Doralisa* might see he had for her a most tender Affection. The Marquis offered to marry *Doralisa*, in Hopes it might defer his Departure, or that he  
might

might remit his Employment to his Brother; but *Doralisa*, who was very discreet, only testified her Acknowledgments for the Honour he would do her; but that she was under the Command of a Father and Mother, and could not dispose of herself, without their Approbation; but she would always preserve, in her Heart, a most real Affection for him. It growing late, the Marquis took leave of *Doralisa*, and left her in no less Grief than himself for his Departure. That Night he gave all Orders necessary for his Equipage, and betook himself to his Bed, where his restless Thoughts would not let him take much Rest; he there gave Vent to his Sighs, uttering the most bitter Complaints that a Soul, seiz'd with so much Love, could say. He sometimes curs'd the Malice of *Honorio*, and sometimes wished, that *Doralisa* were unfaithful; and like one frantick, would say a Thousand extravagant Things, all that his Love and rage could suggest to his Fancy. Thus did he rave and sigh, and turn himself a thousand Times; and after all he must resolve to leave his better-Part, his *Doralisa* behind!

The next Day, as soon as it was proper to wait on his three amiable Friends, he went to take his leave of them, who all lamented this Separation; but *Doralisa's* Tears express'd how great her Concern was above the others. The Marquis, who had a most passionate Soul, was deeply touch'd with the Marks of *Doralisa's* Affection to him;

But, said this fair afflicted One, It is not possible for you to forget your *Doralisa* in the midst of your Triumphs and Acclamations of Joy for your Victories? And will not Absence work that Effect, that your Reason has not yet done? No, no, Madam, said the Marquiss, fear nothing from a Man who is become constant for your sake, and whose greatest Glory is to wear your Chains. They, promis'd each other to write, and freely to impart their Thoughts: Upon these Terms did these Lovers part; and the Absence of the Marquiss was very great Affliction to them all: For whether he was merry, or whether he was sad, his Conversation was extreme delightful. The next Day the Marquiss, with his Equipage, departed from *Fountain-Bleau*, where *Doralisa* remained full of Discontent for the Absence of her Lover: Her two Friends endeavour'd to divert the Chagrin that appear'd in her Countenance, and left nothing unsaid that could give her any Consolation. They continued their Humour of Walking, whilst they remained at *Fountain-Bleau*: But *Corinna*, who thought that *Doralisa* would be more diverted at *Paris*, propos'd going the next Week; and *Bellamira* being so obliging to accompany them in this Journey, they resolv'd in few Days to be gone. By the first Post *Doralisa* receiv'd a Letter from the Marquiss, who gave her all the Hopes imaginable of his Fidelity; they continued their Correspondence during the Time she stay'd



stay'd in *Paris*, which was six Months: He told her in his last, that he would follow her into *England*, and demand her of her Father and Mother in Marriage; but whether her Answer miscarried, or he chang'd his Sentiments, I know not; but she never heard more from him. But her Father, who had provided her a Husband, who was a Gentleman of a good Estate, and one who might make her happy: She, at last, consented to her Parents Commands, after she had expected half a Year to hear News from her faithless *Ovid*, therefore she resolved to obey them. And it was to her Wedding, my dear *Indamora*, I went, when I left *Lucretia* and yourself in *Sussex*.

This is the Account that *Doralisa* gave me of her Adventures; if I have related them wrong, impute it to the Defect of my Memory; and to deal plainly with you, I am so sensible I have acquitted myself ill in this Undertaking, that I could never hope for a Pardon, but from so generous a Friend as yourself.

Her Amours have lost great Part of their Beauty by the Disadvantage they have received in being pen'd in so unaccurate an Order; but at present I shall trouble your Patience with no more Apologies; but shall abruptly take leave of my *Indamora*, and am

Her Faithful

*Lindamira.*



The FOURTH PART  
OF THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*LINDAMIRA.*

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LETTER XVII.

**T**O resume my Discourse, my dearest *Indamora*, I must begin from the Marriage of *Doralisa*, who stay'd with my Aunt about two Months, and then *Lyfidas*, her Husband, took her a House, near *St. James's*, which had belonging to it a little Garden that look'd into the Park, which made the House extreme agreeable and pleasant: The Affection *Doralisa* had for me, and the Compassion she took for that melancholy Air, she observ'd in my Looks (which I could not always hide) oblig'd her to this great Civility of inviting me to be with her, in Hopes it might divert my Thoughts from *Cleomiden*. I readily accepted her kind Offer, and having Liberty of complaining to her of my Unhappiness, I often took the Freedom to reflect on the Severity of my Destiny; and, as all unhappy People do, thought no Misfortune like my own: But, at last, I took a Resolution to act the Part of a Philosopher,

losopher, to be content with my Condition;  
 and not to repine at what I could not help;  
 and having brought my Mind to this se-  
 date Temperament, I enjoyed much Satis-  
 faction in the Conversation of *Doralisa* and  
*Lyfidas*, who was of a very facetious Hu-  
 mour: What Diversions the Town afford-  
 ed, I had my Share of in a very moderate  
 Way; for *Lyfidas* had an Inclination to be  
 more abroad than at home, and was not  
 pleas'd unless *Doralisa* and I were with him;  
 and as he had a great many Visits to make  
 to his Relations, who had been with him to  
 congratulate his Happiness, we went very  
 often abroad for a Month or two; but one  
 Visit amongst the rest, I should have been very  
 glad, could I have been excused from mak-  
 ing it with *Doralisa*; but she not knowing  
 my Reasons which I was loth to tell her,  
 I put it to the Venture, and accompanied her  
 to the House of Colonel *Harnando*: You  
 must know his Lady was near related to *Ly-*  
*fid*as, and *Doralisa* had some particular Rea-  
 sons upon the Account of Alliance, as well  
 as Inclination to visit *Elvira*, who was a-  
 dorned with much Beauty; her Wit was  
 quick and apprehensive, her Humour always  
 equal and full of Sweetness, that I found my-  
 self charm'd in her Conversation, and could  
 not but admire at the Colonel for his vola-  
 tile Humour; but such is the Humour of  
 most Men, that they value not a Treasure  
 they are possess'd of. But had not *Elvira*  
 been a Person of much Discretion, his Hu-  
 mour

mour of Gallantry to the Ladies, would have-made her very uneasy. But she told a Friend (as I have heard since) that to be out of Humour was not the Way to reduce a Heart that would sometimes go astray: but his own Experience of the Fickleness of some Women, would soonest bring him back, and convince him that she had Sentiments more tender, and more sincere, than those Ladies he lov'd to fool his Time away with; but as she had a most true and real Affection for him, she was Mistress enough of her Resentments, not to be carried to the smallest Action against her Duty. *Elvira*, very obligingly invited us to come often to her House, saying, she seldom went abroad (for she was then with Child) and would take it as a Favour, if we would bring our Works along with us: To which civil Request we consented, and went to visit *Elvira* more than any Relation that *Lyfidas* had: And my Fears being over, that the Colonel should know me, or have any Suspicion of me, I went with great Freedom to his House; but he had not forgot, he had seen me with *Valeria* and *Silvanus* in the Park, and would often make enquiry after their Healths. He was extremely obliging and complaisant, which I fear'd might give Offence to *Elvira*; but she was of a contrary Humour; and being very discreet, she seem'd pleas'd with whatever the Colonel did; and that which was most strange, she grew infinitely fond of me, and would be sending continually for me to play



play at Cards with her, if she had no Company; so that, at last, either *Doralisa*, myself, or both, were there three Times in a Week, and were very merry at our Play.

But sometimes we were interrupted by troublesome Visitors; as there is Company of all sorts, there were fewest of the Number of generous Persons; and amongst the rest, one impertinent Lady, who, in her younger Days, had had Beauty enough to engage Hearts into an Affection: These Conquests rais'd her Vanity to that Degree, that she thought she merited all the Praises that Flattery could invent, and all her Discourse was of herself, what was said to her, and what were her witty Repartees again; that being so full of the Thoughts of her Quondam Lovers, she would begin a Relation of them all at once, and so confound one Thing with another, that there was no Coherence in all her Discourse; yet would she oblige us to hearken to her, and take it very ill if great Attention was not given: And sometimes when we were very earnest at our Play, she would come in and interrupt us: She was not so complaisant as to play a Game with us, but protested against it, and represented to us, how ill we past our Time, saying, *That the Conversation of ingenious Persons was more profitable to us.* But *Elvira* reply'd, *That we only past a few Hours this Way, because we had no News to entertain ourselves with; and to talk of our Neighbours, and their Management of their Affairs, was not suitable to our Genius.* To this the venerable  
old



old Lady reply'd, *That she would divert us with the History of her Life, if we would leave our Cards*; which was immediately done: but if it were to gain a Million of Gold, it is impossible for me to remember the least Fragments of her Discourse, where nine Words of Sense hung together. But to conclude before I begin, she was lov'd, slighted, hated, lov'd, despis'd, and lov'd again, and all in a Quarter of an Hour.

And, I suppose, this is the very Lady you have heard on; so celebrated for the prodigious Conquests her Eyes had made, who would entertain all People with these Stories; but they must have better Memories than I have, who can relate any one of them again: But to make up the Misfortune of her Impertinence, amongst other Visitors, was a young Lady of an admirable Wit, and pleasing Conversation, who was very courteous and obliging. She happened to be that Day with *Elvira*, when this Lady came to visit her, so did partake in the Relation of her Amours: But certainly never did any one divert themselves so much as *Clarinta* did with the old Lady; she would ask her so many Particulars of the Sparks, her Lovers, and put her upon the Description of their Persons, and their Humours, and her own Barbarity to them she much condemned; but the old Lady to justify her Conduct, would let fall Words that let us see, that her Lovers were treated very kindly, and her fondness, we believ'd, was the Occasion of her losing them

them so fast; which *Clarinta* took great Notice of, and rallied the old Lady very much, that, I believe this venerable Piece wish'd she had not been so prodigal of her Words, but her Gestures did more express her Thoughts, than her Rhetorick: But to our Relief came in the Colonel, to whom *Clarinta* said, *She wish'd he had come sooner, to have heard a most delightful Relation of that Ladies Amours.* The Colonel, who was naturally complaisant, and full of Gallantry, entreated the Lady to relate all that had been said before, who was proud to obey him, and transported to find him inclin'd to hearken unto her, which made her not omit the least Circumstance to imbellish her Story. And the Colonel, who had that illuminated Wit, that is capable of all Things, and would sometimes be pleasantly malicious, on this occasion, said so many Satyrical Things, and made so many Remarks, that the whole Company was diverted with him, and the Lady well pleas'd at the Mirth her Folly created.

I have insisted too long upon this Subject, my dear *Indamora*, being it defers the Recital of what relates to *Cleomidon*, for whom you have so much Concern, that I will give you the Satisfaction you desire, as soon as possible; but I must finish this Day's Adventure before I can proceed. In a short Time the Lady went away, and *Elvira*, *Clarinta*, *Doralisa*, and myself, went to take a Walk in the Park, when unexpectedly we encounter'd Sir *Formal Trifle*, with a young Wench in

a Mask. These Ladies had not ever been acquainted with his Character, or had known he had ever been my Lover: I said, if they pleas'd, I would give them a Relation of his Courtship, which was both comical and uncommon, if they were not already tired out with an Account of Love Matters: but they complimented me so far to tell me, they should be extremely well diverted with any Thing I would relate to them, which I did as I have already done to you. The Novelty of this *Sir Formal* pleas'd them beyond Measure, which made *Clarinta* have a great Desire to advance towards him, which she did with *Doralisa*, whilst *Elvira* and I staid behind some Paces to observe them. In the mean Time, *Sir Formal* got rid of his mask'd Lady: and my two Friends placed themselves on the Bench in the dark Walk, where they expected a Return of *Sir Formal*, who soon after walk'd his *Spaniard's* Pace towards them. Observing them both to be handsome, he plac'd himself by them, and, in a Minute, began a Discourse; and *Clarinta*, who had an insinuating Wit, soon gain'd his Esteem, and put him upon the Relation of his Amours, saying, some Time after, she heard he had been ill treated by a young Gentlewoman, call'd *Lindamira*, at whose Name the old Knight blush'd for Anger that it should be reported he had been unkindly used; and to maintain his true Character, told *Clarinta* That he had forsaken her, because she had not a Fortune equivalent to his; and  
that

that he might have married her, if he had pleas'd. But my two Friends were so enraged at his Vanity, that they told him, *They knew Lindamira too well, to question her Judgment, or to think she would marry a Man of his Age and of his Infirmities* (for, you may remember he was Paralytick,) At these Words they rose up: for they durst not stand the Brunt of his Anger, and left him to chew the Cud.

This Adventure contributed much to that Evening's Diversion; and *Elvira* told the Colonel, when she came home, That Sir *Formal* had been a Pretender to me, and asked him, how he approv'd of such a Match for me? But his Eyes as well as his Words, told me, That I deserved a better Fate. And all Supper-time we were very merry about him; and the Colonel said a thousand pleasant Things of his Formality and Rhetorick; for he had often been in his Company, and was no Stranger to his vain Humour of commending himself; and was as well able to judge as any one, how little he deserved his own Praises.

At last, *Doralisa* and I took leave of our good Company; what happen'd at my Return home, you shall know in my next, which will as much surprize you as it did me. I am,

My dearest *Indamora*,

Your Friend and Servant,

*Lindamira.*

L E T.



## L E T T E R XVIII.

I Shall now acquaint you, my dearest *Indamora*, how pleasantly I was surprized that Night I went from *Elvira*, when, on my Toilette, as I was undressing me, I cast my Eye on a Letter, whose Character I knew to be that of *Cleomidon*; I took it up, and turn'd it forty Ways before I had Power to open it; and *Iris* who observ'd the different Agitations of my Mind, asked me if I had not Courage to open a Letter from *Cleomidon*? No, *Iris*, said I, for I cannot imagine why he should write to me, since hitherto he has so religiously observ'd my Commands. It may import some good News, replied *Iris*; and I beseech you, Madam, read what *Cleomidon* has sent you: At her Importunity, at last, I opened it, and the Contents of this Letter struck me with great Astonishment; for he acquainted me, that *Cleodora* was no longer amongst the Living, and that being at Liberty to dispose of himself, he hoped I would admit him to lay his Life and Fortune at my Feet; making it his earnest Request, that no capricious Fancies, or needless Formalities, might retard or hinder his Happiness, if I still preserved an Esteem for him. And, lastly, That as soon as he could settle  
his

his Affairs, he would come to Town. I leave you to judge, my *Indamora*, if my Grief was great for *Cleodora*; but yet I was in no Transport of Joy; for I knew he was in some Trouble for her Death.

I writ to *Cleomidon*, and scrupled not to own, that neither Time, nor Absence, had defaced the Impression he had made, and I had entirely preserved my Affections for him: The hopes of seeing him soon, made me less copious in my Expressions of that Esteem I had for him. In a short time, I receiv'd an Answer to that, which testified his Impatience of seeing me; but as soon as a Month was expired, he would wait on me. I then began to think myself in a state of Happiness, since I was belov'd by the most virtuous, and most constant of Lovers: and that *Cleomidon* was in a Capacity of owning it to all the World.

But before the Arrival of my generous *Cleomidon*, I must not omit to give you the Character of the young *Octavius*, a Nephew of *Lyfidus*, who made frequent Visits to his House.

His Person was well made, genteel and handsome; but there ever appeared a Disturbedness in his Eyes, which was the effects of an unbridled Jealousy; and, in a few Days was grown all melancholy and sullen: But 'tis the Nature of Jealousy, to force an Interpretation of all things to their own Disadvantage; *Octavius* was fallen desperately in Love with a young Lady of a good Fortune,

tune, who had for him a great Esteem, and always used him with great Respect; and those innocent Favours she shewed him, would have made another Lover (that was not of his Humour) thought himself very happy. But, on the contrary, *Ostavius* became jealous of *Belisa*, because she was favourable to him; and being pre-possessed, that all Men were treated like himself, he grew mistrustful and pettish, and employed himself in observing all the Actions of *Belisa*, who was a Person very charming and agreeable; tho not a celebrated Beauty, yet one who had an Obligingness in her Countenance, that all who saw her, were pleased with her.

*Ostavius* often coming to *Lyfidas*, I observed this Change in him, and was curious to know the Cause of it; for I knew he was esteemed very much by *Belisa*, that I could not imagine the occasion of this Chagrin. He told me, that never Man suffered so much for Love as he did; for his Jealousy was so great, that he found no Consolation in what was past, nor in the present, nor in what was to come.

I would not flatter him so much, to tell him he deserved the Pity of any Rational Creature; for I would sooner marry a Man that hated me, than one that loved me with Jealousy; for no Torment was like the Jealousy of an imperious Husband; for that Passion would seduce their Reason, trouble their Senses, and make them find more than they

they seek for. But *Octavius* would maintain, that Love and Jealousy were inseparable. Our Opinions were Fire and Water, and we could not alter each others Sentiments upon the matter.

I represented to him, the Injustice he did *Belisa*, being jealous without a Cause, especially since he found it so Tyrannical a Passion, and that it ran him into so many Misfortunes; but the jealous *Octavius* said, he would still love *Belisa*, and still be jealous. His obstinate Humour would sometimes vex me, and sometimes divert me; but all the Precepts and Examples I could offer, wrought no Effect on him; till one Day he came to make me a Visit, and was saying, he was still the most unhappy of Lovers; for when he was out of *Belisa's* Sight, he fancied she was beset with Rivals, and that she was kind to all, and that her Reservedness, was only an affected Humour; that she suffered his Courtship only in obedience to her Father's Commands; then the next Minute would he run out extravagantly against those Mistresses, that shewed any Kindness to their Lovers, making severe Reflections on their Virtue and Conduct. I heard him with a great deal of Impatience, and interrupting his Harangue, I rallied him extremely for the Injustice he did *Belisa*, and for indulging such unaccountable Fancies.

He then was pleased to be very angry with me, but I let him vent his Passion, and then asked him, Why a Man might not as well quarrel



quarrel with a Glass, that shews him an ill Face, as with a Friend, that gave him the true Representation of his Soul? *Octavius* made no reply of a long time, but kept his Eyes fix'd on me, when on a sudden he broke the Silence, and rising up, *Well* (said he) *my Generous Friend, you have awakened some thing in my Soul, and the Eyes of my Understanding begin to be cleared: Proceed then,* (continued he) *and use your utmost Skill to cure me of this outrageous Passion, Jealousy, that defies Prudence and Reason. I own it is a Weakness; but, if it be possible, let me conjure you, to rid me of this strange Malady.*

I was glad to find he had a Sense of his extravagant Passion; and having some Esteem for him, as he was a Relation to *Lyfidas*, I reply'd, *That I would endeavour to approve myself his Friend; that I would do nothing by halves; for since it was a continual Spring of Industry, that I would use my utmost Skill to extinguish his unreasonable Surmises, wherewith I found him so cruelly tormented; and, perhaps, I might discern better than he, what was most to his Advantage.*

*Octavius* thanked ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> a Thousand times, and promised me, he would add his own Endeavours to my Care, to be cured of his Madness: And I doubt not, but he used his utmost Effort: But this Disease had taken so deep Root in his Heart, that his Reason was of little use, when the Frenzy Fit  
was

was on him ; for he would create Afflictions on purpose to make himself unfortunate.

About a Week after this Discourse happened, he was to wait on *Lyfidas* ; and, when I had an opportunity, I demanded of him, If it was possible to love without Jealousy ? Alas ! Madam, replied this unhappy Lover, I am not yet cured of my Weakness ; for this unaccountable Humour has that Ascendant over me, that were the best Physicians of all parts of the World assembled together, they would in vain endeavour to dislodge this Disease, which occasions so much Mischief, and which is irreparable, because, instead of seeking Remedies, false Praises are generally invented to flatter it.

You speak so feelingly of your Distemper, said I to *Octavius*, that I hope you will attribute your Cure, more to your own Reason, than to any Arguments I can use : But, still, let Reason stand Sentinel at your Heart ; for this Jealousy will certainly find Entrance there, if Watch be not well guarded : 'Tis the most fatal of all the Passions ; 'tis a Complication of all the Evils in the World ; 'tis the Fury of Furies.

But did you love as I did, replied *Octavius*, you would not be so great an Enemy to Jealousy ; however, I will endeavour to chase from my Heart, a Passion so pernicious to my Repose : Your Conversation has so far convinced me, that I must allow, that those Lovers are most happy, and most rational, that can love without Jealousy, or only so  
little

little to keep up the Flame: And for two Months I had the glorious Title of Physician, for curing a Disease that was thought above all Rules of Medicine: But the Fit returned with greater Impetuosity, than before.

As *Octavius* was one Day at Cards with *Belisa*, she accidentally let fall her Cards, two or three times, and a young Spark, that sat next her, was very obsequious in taking them up; and, out of a piece of Gallantry, would kiss the Cards, as he gave them to her: As she received them she smiled, and said, *That she was ashamed of the trouble she gave him.* To which he replied, *That he should ever after love the Cards, that had given him an occasion to render her a small piece of Service.* Tho' only these common Compliments pass'd between them, yet *Octavius* could not bear it, but relapsed into his former capricious Fancies. His Reason was of no use to him, so blindly he abandoned himself to his Passion, which was then the most predominant in his Soul; and the Uneasiness he was in, was so visible to all the Company, that *Belisa* left off Cards, and retired herself into her Closet, where she made Vows to herself, never to see him more; for now she had lost all hopes of ever being happy with him; wherefore she made it her Request to her Father, to forbid him his House, who, in Complaisance to his Daughter, did as she desired, which so enraged *Octavius*, that he was like a Man distracted (for he loved

loved *Belisa* passionately) and being ashamed of his Folly, would never see me more; but he sent me Word by *Lysidas*, That tho his Disease still continued to plague him, he thank'd me for the Care and Application I had used to cure him. Upon this Business he went out of Town, and sought his Relief amongst a savage, unbred sort of two legged Brutes, in *Wales*, where he lived a very solitary Life.

I have insisted upon the Particulars of *Octavius*, my Dear *Indamora*, to let you see, that Jealousy is a Disease seldom to be overcome; therefore acquaint your Friend *Clorinda* with this Story, and the Influence you have over her, may prevent her Marriage with the jealous *Melicrates*; for let the Wife be never so virtuous, the jealous pated Husband is ever full of Disquiets for fear his Horns should not sit easy on his Head; when, at the same Time, he is laying Snares to trepan his Neighbour's pretty Wife: but the Golden Rule, of *Doing as you would be done unto*, is banish'd from amongst us.

Before I finish my Letter, I must add, That I received a Confirmation of *Cleomidon's* Intentions of being in Town, as he design'd; but that his Uncle and Aunt reproach'd him with too soon forgetting his *Cleodora*; and were both much offended at him: But that should not deter his



Intentions; for his only Happiness was in my Company. This Assurance of his Kindness, still more augmented to my good Fortune; and I thought it long till I could behold my faithful *Cleomidon*: In my next you shall participate of my Joys; but, at present, I can add no more, than to assure you, I am,

*My Indamora's*

*Sincere Friend*

*and Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

## L E T T E R    X I X .

**T**HAT Day, my Dearest *Indamora*, that I expected *Cleomidon* in Town, preceded the happy Night, wherein *Elvira* gave so much Joy to the Colonel, in bringing him a fine Boy into the World: To deal sincerely with you, I was very unwilling to accompany *Doralisa* to *Elvira's*, fearing, in my Absence, *Cleomidon* might come to Town, as I expected. I suffer'd some Inquietudes upon his Account; for he came not till three Days after the Time he allotted, which possessed me with an unusual Fear; and my Heart fore-boded some ill Fortune to him; and, indeed, my Conjectures were not ill-grounded; for the last Day's Journey, he was over-turn'd in his Coach, and falling unfortunately, broke his right Arm, which detain'd him three Days on the Road; but was so happy to meet with a good Surgeon, who set it so well, that in three Days he left the Inn, where he was advis'd to continue for some longer Time; but, as he told me, his Desire of seeing me after so long an Absence, made him so impatient, that he resolv'd to comply with his Inclination, and not with the Advice of his Surgeon.

That Night he came to Town, he sent his Servant to acquaint me with his Arrival, and of the unlucky Accident that detain'd him on the Road, and to beg Excuse for not writing, or waiting on me. His Indisposition easily seal'd his Pardon; and I was extreamly afflicted at his Misfortune. The next Day *Doralisa* and I went to see him; we found him laid on his Bed, fast asleep (for he had not slept all the Night past) but he soon awoke, and seeing us by his Bed-side, seem'd much amaz'd. He express'd to us the most obliging Acknowledgments, that a grateful Heart could imagine: And 'tis impossible to express the Transports of Joy he shewed, as he said, for the Favour we did him: He so overvalued the least Marks of my Esteem, that I could not reproach myself for being too sensible of his Affection. Our Joys were both so great, and so tumultuous, that, of a long Time, I did not think to ask him what Life he led, since our fatal Separation.

Then know, my Dearest *Lindamira*, said *Cleomiden*, that a Month after I married, I went into the Country with *Cleodora*; but we were obliged to live with the cruel *Lyn-daraxa*, who, you have heard, did wheedle my Uncle to marry her. This Couple were of as different Humours, as their Interest; and tho' *Alander* adored his Money, and loved it entirely, yet his Design was to make me happy with *Cleodora*, and to settle her a Jointure, answerable to her Fortune. But

*Lyndaraxa*, whose Sentiments were different from those of *Alcander's*, diverted the Execution of his Intentions, on purpose to bring about her own hellish Plots. She was esteem'd by some, to be a Woman of Wit, and great Sense: but, alas! she so ill employed her Wit, that her Genius was only to circumvent her Husband, in whatever he design'd. And I will do her this Justice, as to say her Person was agreeable, and her Wit very taking, when she was in the Humour to be good Company. She seem'd inclin'd to Melancholy, and to be very studious, and applied herself much to reading. This gave her the Reputation to be a Woman of a sound Judgment, and, having a happy Memory, would relate what she had read, so perfectly that her Auditors had a great Pleasure in hearkening to her: But the Sequel of my Discourse will best demonstrate how ill she employ'd her Talent; and that her Wit and Memory, were of no other Use than to abuse those, who had too good an Opinion of her: And amongst others, I had as high Thoughts of her Virtues, as any one, till, by Accident, I made a happy Discovery of her Perfidy and Treachery.

*Cleomidon* had continued his Discourse, had not his Physician come in, who put a stop to the Sequel of this Adventure, which had so rais'd my Expectation; but fearing a longer Visit might be injurious to his Health,



we took our leave for that Night; but *Cleomidon* fail'd not to acknowledge this Favour, and told us, that the next Day he would wait on us, and finish what he had yet to acquaint us with.

From thence we went to see my amiable Friend *Elvira*, who was then in a happy Way of Recovery, and much delighted and pleas'd, that she had an Heir to inherit so good an Estate. We pass'd that Evening with her: And she easily read in my Countenance, the Satisfaction I receiv'd in having seen *Cleomidon*. As she was no Stranger to this Adventure, I did not scruple to acquaint her of his being in Town. Upon this Relation, she said a thousand obliging Things to me, that testified how great Part she bore with me; and express'd a great Curiosity to know in what *Lyndaraxa* had forfeited the good Opinion the World had of her: For, said *Elvira*, I knew one of her Character who deceived all that knew her; and, being conscious of her own evil Intentions, was jealous, that all her Friends took her for a Hypocrite; but at the same Time, made great Protestations of Sincerity, and, by a mild affected Way, deluded those, who thought themselves entirely acquainted with her Humour.

'Tis so frequent, replied *Doralisa*, to meet with Persons who profess much Goodness, and practise little, that I am not astonish'd at it; but her, whom *Elvira* has mention'd  
is

is for certain my Lady ———. Hold, said *Elvira*, for I would not rake the Ashes of the Dead, and so will bury in Silence those unhappy Qualities of a Lady of her Reputation.

We took leave that Night of *Elvira*, and the next Day I receiv'd a Visit from *Cleemidon*; but the Sequel of this Story I shall refer to my next Letter.

*I am,*

*My dearest Indamora,*

*Your entirely affectionate Servant,*

**Lindamira.**

## L E T T E R. XX.

**I**N this manner, my dearest *Indamora*, *Cleomidon* continu'd his Narrative.

Know then, *Lindamira*, said he, that it was whisper'd about, that *Lyndaraxa* was with Child; and when her Friends congratulated with her, she seem'd to deny it, in such a manner that more confirm'd them in that Belief; but, in a short time after, it was visible to all the world, and my Uncle was extremely pleas'd at it: And tho' the Consideration of my Interest would have allay'd my Joy, yet I bare a part with my Uncle in the Satisfaction he had. But one Day, as I was sitting in a back Parlor, that had a Door opened into the Garden, I was reading very studiously, and did not, of a long time, take notice of any one thing under the Window; but hearing myself named, awoke me from the Consideration of what I was a reading, and raising up my Head, I saw *Lyndaraxa*, and a Gentlewoman with her, who were both in very earnest Discourse. But, as I told you, having heard myself mention'd, it rais'd a Curiosity in me, to hearken to them; and, pursu'd *Lyndaraxa*, be sure you give me timely Notice, when I must begin to make Faces, and complain of Pain; for if I can introduce a

Child

Child unseen (either Son or Daughter) it will disappoint *Cleomidon* of his hopes. The other assured her, that she might depend upon her Management, and that she had contrived so cunning a way to introduce the Child, that there would never be any Surmises, that it was an Impostor. I believe, they had continued their Discourse, had not my Uncle pass'd through the Parlor into the Garden, and seeing me at the Window, asked me to walk with him.

'Tis not to be imagin'd, how I was astonished at the ungenerous Temper of *Lyndaraxa*; for I did not believe her capable of so great a Treachery: but, as I thought it absolutely necessary to acquaint my Uncle with it, I failed not, that Day, as we were walking. The Old Gentleman blush'd for Anger, and was so ashamed to be so put upon, that he expressed the highest Resentments, that such an Affront could excite him to.

That Evening, he taxed *Lyndaraxa* with the Discourse she had with *Sabina* in the Garden. She had not Impudence enough to deny it; but finding her Plot was circumvented, she made an ingenuous Confession, and, on her Knees, begg'd my Uncle's Pardon, in such moving Words and Actions, adding a sincere Repentance, and Tears fell so plentifully from her Eyes, that it so mollified *Alcander's* Heart, that he easily sealed her Pardon. From that Day, she pretended herself not well; and her great Belly being



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gone, it was easily suspected, why she kept her Chamber.

But from that time *Lyndaraxa* bore me a mortal Hatred, and solemnly swore to *Sabina*, to be revenged of me, the first Opportunity she could find. And, on the contrary, my Uncle was more kind than ever, as being conscious he had done me a Piece of Injustice, after the Promise he had made me, to settle his whole Estate on me, if I married to his Liking; and, I doubt not, but he repented of his Bargain. At the end of the Fourteen Months, *Cleodora* was brought to Bed of a fine Girl, and *Lyndaraxa* took an occasion to be angry it was not a Son: This was to shew the Capriciousness of her Temper; nor would she appear at the Christening-day, nor be God-mother, as she did intend, had it been a Son. But her Absence was the least of my Troubles; for her ill usage of *Cleodora* was an Affliction to me, who often lamented the Misfortune of being educated by one, who took so little care to instruct her in what was most advantageous to improve her Mind; but as her Inclination was good and virtuous, she had nothing of the Humour of *Lyndaraxa*, who finding that *Cleodora* thought herself happy, was resolved to destroy her Tranquillity, by suggesting to her Mind, that I was in Love with the Fair *Hermione*, a Young Gentlewoman, that often did us the Honour to come and stay a Week together. Her Humour being brisk and airy, she very much diverted *Cleodora*,

*dora*, who naturally was melancholy. As I was sensible she came out of Kindness to my Wife, I often express'd my Thankfulness to her; and knowing that *Cleodora* was very well pleas'd with her Conversation, I took those opportunities of being in my Closet; and, to confess the Truth, I spent much time in thinking on you, and writing to you: I complain'd of the Rigour of my Fate; I demanded your Advice, in a thousand little Occurrences; I sent my Wishes for your Happiness, and for a Sight of you, Ten Thousand more; but, after all, I durst not disobey you; I burnt my Letters, then wrote again; then sacrific'd them to the Flames; and in this manner did I pass my Days.

But to return to *Hermione*, who was ignorant of the Plots and Stratagems that did surround her, one Day very innocently ask'd me, before *Cleodora* and *Lyndaraxa*, *Why they had so little of my Company?* for, said this pleasant Lady, *I believe you agree with the Opinion of most Men, That Women are not capable of giving a Rational Answer, having not the Advantage of learning, and reading those Authors, that are so improving to the Mind:* But being willing to convince *Hermione* of that Error, I said to her a Thousand obliging Things, in favour of the Fair Sex, and endeavour'd to let her see, I was not of a Humour to despise those, from whom Learning was not expected; and that I thought Women were capable of the deepest Philosophy, were it a necessary Accomplishment; but they  
had



had so many Advantages over us, that *Hermione* had no reason to suspect, that her Company was not extreme pleasing and diverting; and that a Lady of her Wit and good Humour, ought not to have those unjust Apprehensions. For an Hour or two did we entertain ourselves upon this Subject; and *Lyndaraxa* made her Observations of what was said; and from this innocent Entertainment, rais'd the Foundation of a most detestable Design. She took this occasion, to represent to *Cleodora*, how industrious I was to convince *Hermione* of the respect I paid to her Sex, and that she observed, how amorously I look'd on her, and that she receiv'd my Kindness with a great Satisfaction, and believ'd, there was a reciprocal Affection between us; that if a Stop was not put to it in the Beginning, she would alienate my Affections from her; and *Cleodora* gave but too much Attention to her; and being of a Nature very credulous; it took the effect that *Lyndaraxa* desir'd; and finding a change in the Humour of *Cleodora*, who was become more pensive and melancholy, I fear'd it proceeded from some Indisposition of Body: but finding it was her Mind that was disturb'd, I press'd her extremely, before she would discover this Secret to me; but at last she frankly told me all that *Lyndaraxa* had suggested to her, and that she bid her observe our Looks, our Words, and all our Actions; but I so happily convinc'd *Cleodora* of the Error she was in, that she beg'd my pardon,  
for

for having such unjust Thoughts of me; and from that time, her mind was restor'd to its former Tranquillity, and she more than ever esteem'd *Hermione*.

When *Lyndaraxa* finding her Plot had not taken so well as she desir'd, she nevertheless endeavour'd to make us uneasy, but it was not in her power; but she was not forgetful of the Oath she had taken to *Sabina*, to be reveng'd of me, which perhaps She might have effected, had not Death depriv'd me of *Cleodora*, who dy'd of the New Fever. Her Death afflicted me very much, for I had no reason to complain of any Unkindness from her; and I knew she lov'd me passionately; and that which aggravated my Grief, I thought her Death was hastened by the wilful Humour of my Aunt, who ply'd her so fast with Medicines, that one Potion had not Time to operate, before they gave her another.

Soon after her her Funeral-Rites were perform'd, and that I had settled my Affairs, I determin'd to come to *London*, but my Uncle dissuaded me from it, and *Lyndaraxa* was outrageous; and being possess'd I intended to marry again, she oppos'd my Design with all the power she had; but finding she could not prevail, she said, She would take care of the Young *Hermilia*, my Child, and not let her come under the Tuition of a Mother-in-law: As I had no Friend to whom I could so well commit the care of this Infant as herself, I let her take her own way; and *Al-*  
*cander*

cander has promis'd no care shall be wanting.

*Cleomidon* thus ended his Narration, and I found he had been no less happy than myself; and I could not but sympathize with him.

And as the ~~affliction~~ <sup>affection</sup> of *Cleomidon* was no ways lessen'd by a long Absence, he entertain'd me with the same Passion as ever he had done; but as *Cleodora* had not been long dead, and his Arm not yet well, our Marriage was defer'd for two Months: If you remember, my *Indamora*, you came to congratulate with me, it being reported I was marry'd, but you never yet knew the Reasons that hinder'd it.

*Cleomidon* was no sooner well, and had left off the Scarf wherein he carry'd his Arm, but by the consent of all my Relations, and the Approbation of those Friends, that held the greatest Rank in my Esteem, as well as by the Obligations I had to be grateful, I consented to be marry'd to him; the Day was set, and my Wedding-Cloths made; and as I was trying of 'em on, an Accident happen'd that prov'd of ill Consequence to me, and extremely afflicted me, and that was, The Death of *Elvira*, who unfortunately had taken Cold in her Lying-in, which cast her into a Fever, and in few Days depriv'd her of Life. I was so much troubl'd for the Death of this Lady, that *Cleomidon* had much a-do to comfort me; and *Lysidas*, and *Doralisa* going into Mourning, they oblig'd me to do the same;

same : And as I had a great esteem for *Elvira*, I really mourn'd for her ; and for one Month I resolv'd to defer my Marriage.

But Fortune was not yet tired with persecuting of me, and she had something in reserve to compleat my Misfortunes : *Cleomidon* still continu'd his assiduous Visits to me ; and he fail'd not a Day, wherein he did not see me. How often would he expatiate on his former Life, aggravating the least Circumstance, that might raise a compassion in my Soul ; and lamented his precipitate Resolution, in obeying *Alcander* ; and did me that Justice, as to say, *He never had Reason to complain of any Baseness from me.* But I cannot think on the Change in his Affections, without suffering o're again, those Disquiets my Soul was agitated with ; and *Cleomidon*, to whom I had given the Title, of *Faithful, Constant, and Generous*, forfeited that Name, and approv'd himself unworthy of my Affections.

This Character, my *Indamora*, I am certain will surprize you, as much as I was at the News of his sudden Departure out of Town ; which gave me so great Tremblings of the Heart, that I was much disorder'd at it ; and tho' his Pretence seem'd plausible and justifiable, yet my prophetick Soul suggested to me sad Omens from this manner of going ; and tho' it was his Custom to see me every Day, yet I took no notice to be concern'd that I had not seen him of a whole Day ; and the next Day, I receiv'd a Letter from him, with only these few Words in it.

*Pardon*



*Pardon me, my dearest Lindamira, for not waiting on you before I went out of Town; the suddenness of my departure you will excuse, when I tell you, my Uncle lies a dying, and has sent an Express for me: The few Moments I have to stay, are employ'd in assuring my Lindamira, I am,*

*Her Faithful Cleomidon.*

*By the first Post, I will not fail to write to you, and shall hope, from your Goodness, an Answer.*

This Letter both surpriz'd and troubl'd me; but not knowing what Judgment to make, I waited impatiently for the first Post-day, wherein I expected a Letter from him; but I not only fail'd of my Expectation that time, but several Days besides. At last, I concluded, *Cleomidon* was sick, if not dead; but I wrote to him three or four times, but no Answer would he return: And that which aggravated my Affliction, was, That I heard by a Gentleman (whom *Lyfidas*, unknown to me, had sent into the Country, where *Cleomidon* liv'd, to know what was become of him) that he was well in Health, but seem'd very melancholy, which was ascrib'd to the Death of *Cleodora*; that he had also seen the young *Hermilia*, that *Cleomidon* was very fond of her, and was often heard to say, He never  
would

would have any Wife, besides Hermilia. This News troubled me extremely ; for I plainly saw, he openly contemn'd me ; but I took a Resolution not to complain, fearing it should increase his Pride, did he know how great my Resentments were.

I endeavour'd all I could to disguise that Grief, that did too sensibly touch my Heart ; but all my Endeavours were fruitless, for my Eyes too plainly shew'd my Discontent ; and that which aggravated my Sorrow more, was, That all the World knew I was abandon'd by one whom I design'd to marry ; and several Conjectures were made upon this Occasion, every one to their Fancy. But tho' I was thus unkindly used, yet Love fill'd my Heart ; and all my Anger could discover to me no other Fault *Cleomidon* had, but Inconstancy : But why he was so, after such Proofs that he had given of an unalterable Fidelity, cast me into a Labyrinth of Thought ? But the more I did consider of it, the more I was perplex'd. As for Jealousy, I was sure he had no Cause ; or if he were so, he could not disguise it from me : And being thus disturb'd, and never hearing from him, I took a Resolution to leave the Town a while, to try if the Fresh-Air could disperse those Clouds of Melancholy, that were too visible in my Face, and to remove that Tyrant Love, that monopoliz'd all my Thoughts. This design I did communicate to *Doralisa*, who unwillingly consented to my Removal, and defer'd it for some time. But surely, my

*Indamora,*

*Indamora*, one Vexation never comes alone; for, much against my Will, I made another Conquest, when least I did expect my Eyes should do such Feats; and, I believe, you'll be surpriz'd, when I acquaint you it was Colonel *Harnando*, who wrote to me several most passionate Letters; and though I return'd all back, but the first, (and some unopen'd) yet this Hero would not be repuls'd, but laid close Siege to my Heart, and was resolv'd upon the Conquest of it: But my Soul was in no Frame to receive with pleasure the greatest proof of Passion could be given; for I would not be deluded again; so resolv'd never to love: And since *Cleomidon* could prove untrue, I thought the whole Sex was capable of Change; and being unwilling to give any occasion of Discourse, of my being courted by *Harnando*, I stole out of Town; and none but my two Cousins, and yourself, knew of the Place of my Retreat; and tho it was not far from the Town, yet extreme solitary, and agreeable to my Humour. The House was but small, and a Garden and Orchard proportionable to it; and at a little distance from the Garden was a Grove of Chesnut and Walnut-Trees, where by accident, I discover'd a most surprizing Eccho. This Place was of great Entertainment to me, for to amuse and please my Fancy. I often would call on the Name of *Cleomidon*; 'twas Musick in my Ears; to hear his Name reverberated; and for that Reason, would often entertain myself, for Hours together; repeating

repeating sometimes those flattering Expressions that he so freely gave. But surely Love is a Madness; and they that are so, take a Pleasure in being mad; and at that Time, think that a Charm, which, when their Reason is return'd, they think a Misery.

Thus for a Month, did the Time glide away, in this sort of Entertainment; and Reason began to take place of that Dulness that clogg'd my Brain, and I grew sensible I was to blame, to cherish a Passion for one, whom I did believe did never bestow a Thought on me. I therefore did endeavour to cast him from my Heart, and his Idea appeared to me, ill-shap'd, deform'd, decay'd, full of Inconstancy and Treachery. But Time is at last our best Friend, for he does more than Reason, or the best Arguments in Philosophy. And being thus re-instated to my former Tranquillity of Mind, I could think upon *Cleomidon* without Resentment, and a cold Indifference took Place of all my Love. And being, my *Indamora*, thus happily compos'd, I'll bid you Adieu, before I change to another Scene; for you may observe, here's great Variety in my Adventure. I am.

*My dearest Indamora,*

*Your faithful humble Servant,*

Lindamira.

L E T-



## L E T T E R    X X I.

I Had not enjoy'd myself in this Solitude two Months, my dearest *Indamora*, before I was visited by the Colonel, who, by some unlucky Adventure, had found out the Place of my Retreat; but I was much surpriz'd to see him, as I was one Day in the Grove, and according to my usual Entertainment, was repeating the Name of the Faithless *Cleomidon*.

Ah! Madam, said *Harnando*, (after the first Ceremonies were over) can you take pleasure in repeating the Name of a perjur'd Lover, who cannot merit a Thought from you? I reply'd, That the Remembrance of his Infidelity was the best Defense I could find against a second Engagement; and that the Name of *Cleomidon* was not hateful to me, tho' he was ungenerous. *Then is it possible, Madam, replied the Colonel, for you still to love an inconstant, faithless Wretch, who values himself upon making you unhappy?* He fail'd not to extol my few Virtues, on purpose to undervalue those of *Cleomidon*. He entertain'd me much with his own Passion, and shew'd a mighty Eagerness to have me marry him. His Offers of Settlements were very advantageous; for he gave me the Freedom  
dom

dom to make my own Terms, if I pleas'd; tho' I had no reason to doubt of the Reality of his Love, yet I could not forget, that Inconstancy is a Disease, as epidemical in that Sex, as 'tis believed to be in ours; but we have not that Strength of Parts, and Courage, as is natural to theirs, to support us under Afflictions; and the Thoughts of being once deserted, made me deaf to all the Arguments the Colonel used to persuade me to be his. But all the Repulses I gave him, would not make him retreat; but the more Opposition he found, the more vigorous he was to pursue his Design of gaining my Heart, which was not a Conquest worthy of his Pains and Trouble. However, being, blinded by his Passion, he could see no Faults I had, but too much Obstinacy, of which he often accus'd me: But the frequent Visits he made, I fear'd would be prejudicial to my Reputation, which made me think of leaving my Solitude, sooner than agreed with my Inclination.

I return'd to *London* in ten Weeks after I had left it, and was frequently visited by the Colonel, and few doubted but there would be a Match between us; as he was a very accomplish'd Person, it was impossible not to be pleas'd with his Conversation: And one Day, as he was with me, a Servant brought me a Letter, that came by the Post; I knew the Hand to be that of *Cleomidon's*, but had not so much Presence of Mind, as to disguise my Surprize; for *Harnando* presently suspected the Truth, and his Countenance

nance changed, and he look'd much disturb'd at this Adventure. I still kept the Letter in my Hand, looking on the Superscription, as if I doubted from whence it came, for the Characters seem'd not so clever, as those which *Cleomidon* generally writ; but I knew the Seal too well to be in doubt. *Madam*, said the Colonel, (perceiving the disorderly Motions of my Mind) *your Patience is without Precedent: Methinks you are very dilatory in the perusal of what your faithful Cleomidon has sent you?* He spoke this in a Tone, that sufficiently express'd his Sense to the contrary. I made him no reply, but withdrew to a Window; but none can represent the unartful Pantings of a Faithful Heart, unless they've lov'd like me. I open'd this Letter, with hopes that *Cleomidon* was convinced of his Ingratitude, and had repented of his Crime. But, alas! I found to my Sorrow, that his Thoughts were alienated from me; and I had hardly power to finish the reading of this Letter, that was so surprizing to me; nor could I scarce believe my own Eyes, that *Cleomidon* should send me word of his own Marriage, and in so triumphant a manner, as you will find by what follows.

*Cleomidon to Lindamira.*

*Madam,*

*Your Marriage with Colonel Harnando, will justify mine with the charming Hermione, to whom*

whom I have given my Heart entirely. I have (tho with some trouble) forgot your Infidelity, and your Falshood has absolutely extinguish'd in my Heart, that Love I had for you. You have taken the most becoming care in the World, to let me know of your Happiness, and tho I could expatiate on your Ingratitude, I'll bury in silence my most just Resentments. Farewel.

Cleomidon.

'Tis impossible to express my first Thoughts and Apprehensions of this Marriage; for this second Engagement was more terrible to me than the first; for tho he married *Cleodora*, it was thro' my Persuasions, which out of a Sentiment of Generosity I argued with him, for his own Advantage; but to think that *Hermione* was possess'd of what I had so tender an Affection for, most tore my Heart-strings, and I could not bear with Patience the Thoughts of his second Marriage; for tho I thought he was become indifferent to me, yet in this Emergency, I found he had taken but too deep a root in my Heart: Nor could I pardon his Inconstancy, tho he was sure I had been married to *Harnando*: For whilst *Cleodora* was living, for his sake, I would never engage myself in any Conversation, where Love was mention'd. But, alas! my *Indamora*, *Cleomidon* did not observe those Niceties; but, on the contrary, used me unkindly; would never answer my Letters, nor send me word of his Intentions, but left me  
under



under pretence, that his Uncle was a dying, and had sent to him, when his Business was to court my Rival. A Thousand distracted Thoughts tormented me, and I knew not what to judge, if this was a Banter, or a Reality. But all this while, the Colonel observ'd the Motion of my Eyes, and the change of my Countenance, which made him conclude, that what I read displeas'd me very much. *Confess, Madam, (said he) is not Cleomidon unfaithful? And can he pretend to love like me?* I only answer'd him with my Tears, for my Grief had taken away the use of my Speech, and I was not able to speak one word. In the interim, *Doralisa* entred the Room, and demanded of me the Cause of my Grief. I gave her the Letter, and went from her into my own Chamber, and flung myself down upon the Bed, uttering the most bitter Complaints that my Sorrow could inspire me with. But during my Absence, the Colonel took the liberty to read my Letter, who was as much surpriz'd at the News, and manner of sending it, as I was myself; and was much amaz'd, that it should be reported he was married to me, since all the Rhetorick he could use, would not prevail with me, to part with my dear Liberty. He told *Doralisa*, he was now in hopes I would the sooner confirm the faithless *Cleomidon* in the Report, and dispose of myself, as he had done; assuring her, That 'twas impossible for Man to love with a more sincere Affection than he did. He took

took his leave of her, and his Countenance express'd a secret Joy, that *Cleomidon* was married.

In this Extremity of Trouble what should I have done, if *Doralisa*, by her Advice, had not mollify'd my Resentments? To her I unloaded all my Sorrows, and in her Breast I bury'd all my Grievs. This dear, kind Friend, at last persuaded me to dry up my Tears, telling me, That perhaps it might be a counterfeit Letter, unless the Constitution of his Soul were alter'd; and that if I pleas'd to be convinc'd of the Truth, she would oblige *Martillo*, *Lyfidas* his Friend, to go into the Country, to know the Certainty of it: But I would not consent to it, but said, I would endeavour to despise him that could use me thus ungenerously; and knowing his Hand and Seal so well I could not be deceiv'd. And then came floating into my Memory, the Jealousy that *Cleodora* had of *Hermione*, believing there was Cause for it; and that *Cleomidon* had deceiv'd me in the Relation of that Adventure: This Thought rais'd Storms of Anger in my Breast, and I could not forgive his Falseness.

*Doralisa* and I consulted a long time, what might give the occasion of this Report of my Marriage with *Harnando*; or what could oblige *Cleomidon* to such a Silence, never to answer any of my Letters; nor could he be jealous of the Colonel, who had not made his first Visit to me, after the Death of *Elvira*, of three Weeks or a Month

after the Departure of *Cleomidon* ; so that, weighing all things, I was confirm'd that it was the Fickleness of his Temper ; and that the Beauty of *Hermione*, had made him forget all his Vows to me. This perjur'd Wretch I thought once to have writ to, and have justified myself ; but that Thought was soon diverted, with this Consideration, That he was married, and it would signify nothing. I then us'd my utmost Efforts, to banish him from my Thoughts, and would not suffer *Doralisa* to mention his Name to me.

Two Days after the Colonel came to visit me ; he was so generous not to triumph o'er my Misfortune, nor did he aggravate the Inconstancy of *Cleomidon*, but only said, *That the Choice of our Condition was not always in our Power ; and that neither the Counsels of our Friends, nor that of our Reason, could engage our Minds, but that we were carried on by the Violence of a Passion that is irresistible.* After this manner did he entertain me, and suffer'd some Days to pass before he spoke any more of Love to me : But one Day as he was with me, I discover'd a Dulness upon his Countenance, which I thought must proceed from some great Cause, and ask'd him, How his little Son did ? fearing he might be ill : He reply'd, That his Son was well, but——— and made a stop ; and being curious to know the Signification of this But——— I ask'd the Colonel, What ill News he had heard, and what did so disturb his

his Mind? He reply'd, That this Morning he had receiv'd his Commission, and had Orders to go for *Flanders* in fifteen Days. He imparted this News to me with so great a Concern and Trouble, that I had reason to believe I was partly the Cause of his Sorrow. He fail'd not to tell me as much, making a thousand Protestations of his Love and Sincerity; and said, That he loved me from the first time he ever convers'd with me; and that neither Time nor Absence could deface the Impression I had made upon his Soul; that unless I made him some Returns of Love, he was, of all Men, the most miserable: And not being insensible of my Obligations to the Colonel, and that I knew he merited a nobler Fate than what he so earnestly sought after; I fail'd not to assure him of the Esteem and Acknowledgment I had for him. But the Condition of my Soul was such, that I could not retalitate Love for Love; but if he could content himself with my Friendship, he should find it sincere and lasting.

These few civil Words drew from his Mouth a Thousand Assurances of his Fidelity; and being in hopes that Friendship in time might ascend to Love, he seem'd more satisfied than before; and, to own the Truth, the Thoughts of his Departure gave me more Trouble than I imagin'd it could; knowing the Uncertainty of a Battle, the Fatigue of a Campaign, and what Hazards he must perpetually run, that I discover'd



my Concern both by my Looks and Actions, which gave him hopes he was not so indifferent to me, as a few Days before he fear'd he was. His Visit was not long that Day, being obliged to give his Orders about his Departure; and as he was going, " Tell me, " Madam (said he) what Consolation may an " absent Lover find, when separated from the " Object of his Affections? May he hope he " shall one Day be happy, if he returns victorious over his Enemies? These Thoughts " (continued he) will charm the fleeting " Hours away; and the Hopes that *Linda-* " *mira's* Love will be my Recompence, will so " animate my Courage, and redouble my Force, " that I promise myself the Victory before I " go:" But since I gave him no other hopes, than the Continuation of my Friendship, he seem'd so dejected and cast down, that I really pitied him; and folding his Arms a-cross, " Unhappy *Hernando*, said he, where shall " my distracted Thoughts find ease, if *Linda-* " *mira* forbids me to hope? Alas! (said he) " no Condition can equal mine; for I love " one passionately, that loves another, that " is perjur'd, unfaithful, and unworthy of " her."

I endeavour'd, what I could, to appease his Passion, and to represent to him, how much he offended me, for the little Value he set upon my Friendship. He begg'd my Pardon, so much exaggerating the Violence of his Love, that I could not be angry at him.

When

When he was gone, I was sensible that his Departure would be a Trouble to me; for those admirable Qualities both of Body and Mind, claim'd a Respect and Esteem of all that knew him; and had I been inclin'd to a second Affection, I could not have refus'd *Harnando* the Request he made me to marry him, with Advantages beyond my Merits. But not being willing to be fetter'd, or enslav'd by any, since the best of the whole Sex had deceiv'd me, I kept to my Resolution, not to marry any one. Adieu, my *Lindamora*.

*I am,*

*Your Affectionate*

*Friend and Servant,*

*Lindamira.*

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## L E T T E R XXII.

THE Night before that Colonel *Harnando* was to go for *Flanders*, my dearest *Indamora*, he came to take his Farewel of me; but with a Countenance so dejected, that it griev'd me extremely to see him look so sad; and believing there was some hidden Cause for it, I begg'd to know what 'twas that troubled him. He looking earnestly on me, answered with a Sigh, *That some envious Planet interpos'd between him and all his Hopes; that when he was absent, his Rival would be happy in the Possession of me.* These Words he spoke in so dismal a Tone, that it both surpriz'd and troubled me; nor could I divine what he meant by his Rival; for he knew that *Cleomidon* was both inconstant and married; wherefore I asked him, Why he was so ingenious at tormenting of himself, since he had no Rival to fear? And that if *Hermione* were dead, I would never marry *Cleomidon*; and if I would change my Condition, it should be in favour of himself, there being none I did esteem so much as him.

But

But this disconsolate Lover seem'd not satisfied with what I said, but ask'd me, if I would promise to marry him, (if Death did not make an eternal Separation between us) at his Return? "For (added he) 'tis not to be express'd what my Fears suggest to me; and my just Apprehensions make me suffer as great Torments, as if ten thousand Vultures were tearing of my Heart. But Oh! my happy Rival, he will triumph in my Absence, and laugh at my Misfortune!" Who is this terrible Rival, (said I) interrupting of him, that gives you so great a Fear? Explain your Meaning, and I may rectify your Mistake. "You will but too soon know, Madam, (said he) whom I fear, and whom I dread; but pardon me that I say no more——. He then rose up to take his last Adieu, begging of me not to forget him, to write to him, and to receive his Letters kindly. I promis'd him what he desired, nor could I forbear some Tears at our Separation, which I thought a just Tribute due to his Merits. Thus did the poor Colonel take his leave of me, desiring I would sometimes see his Son, which might, perhaps, call into my Memory the unhappy Father.

The Absence of so worthy a Friend, gave me some Disturbance, and I could not think of his last Words without Grief and Trouble; nor could I apprehend the meaning of those ambiguous Words he spoke. But the first Opportunity, I had an Account of his safe Arrival: I answered his, and received



several others, which were writ with all the Passion imaginable; and in a most pathetic Strain; for none could express their Thoughts more elegantly than himself. Our Correspondence continued punctually for some Months, on both sides; for the Colonel never fail'd to write to me, as often as he had Opportunity, - or his Affairs would permit. It was never my Humour to be inquisitive after News; yet, for his sake, sometimes I would inform myself of the Movements of both Armies, and Passes lost and won. But this Curiosity gave me some Disturbance; as one Night I was at Supper, and some Gentlemen discoursing with *Lyfidas* of the Affairs of *Flanders*, lamenting the Death of some of their Friends, I unhappily ask'd, If they had heard any News of Colonel *Hernando*? One of them answer'd, That by the last Post, he heard he was wounded by a Bullet, shot into his Neck, and that some despair'd of his Recovery. This News was the more surprizing, having had a Letter from him but two Posts before; but the Disorder it cast in my Thoughts, was seen by my Eyes; which *Lyfidas* perceiving, endeavoured to divert my Fears, by saying, There were many false Reports rais'd, on purpose to afflict them who had any Friends in this last Expedition.

As soon as Supper was ended, I retir'd, with *Doralisa*, into my Chamber, where we both lamented the unhappy Fate of the Colonel; but being willing to hope it was only

only a flying Report, we endeavour'd to comfort ourselves ; but the next Day had the News confirm'd to our great Sorrows. But two Posts after, I receiv'd a Letter from *Leander*, a Friend whom the Colonel had intrusted with the Secrets of his Love, to give me an account of his Health, which was then in a very bad Condition ; but in a short time after, he made a shift to write to me himself, tho' he lay very ill of his Wound, desiring I would continue writing to him ; and withal he rais'd my Hopes, that his Life was in no hazard : But no sooner was my Mind re-settled for the Danger the Colonel had been in, but a new and most surprizing Adventure besel me.

You may remember, I have formerly mention'd *Martillo* to you, *Lyfidas's* Friend, whose Business call'd him to *Byzantem*, a Town in the same County where *Cleomidon* liv'd. It happen'd, at that time, there was a Horse-Race, where a piece of Plate of two hundred Pounds was to be run for, which brought all the Gentlemen of the Country thereabouts to be Spectators of this Sport ; and amongst the rest, *Cleomidon* : *Martillo* seeing of him, (at whose House he had formerly din'd) took the Freedom to wish him Joy of his new Lady ; at these Words *Cleomidon* started, and desired him to explain himself, saying, He was never married to any but *Cleodora*, who had been dead near fifteen Months. *Is that possible*, reply'd *Martillo*, and are not you married to the fair  
K 5 Her-

mione ? 'Tis certainly so, said *Cleomidon* ; for *Hermione* has been married these three Months ; and there you may see her Husband (pointing to a Gentleman that stood near him) : But, Sir, you so surprize me with this News, that I must beseech you to tell me where you heard it. This Place (reply'd *Martillo*) is not at all proper to discourse of it ; for much depends upon the Truth of *Hermione's* not being married to yourself : And when the Race is over, said this Friend, I will meet you where you shall appoint ; for, perhaps, it may be in my Power to do you a small Service. *Cleomidon* complied with *Martillo*, and as soon as the Sport was over, they met according to Appointment.

The Consternation you have put me in (said *Cleomidon*) is not to be express'd, nor can I imagine what could occasion so false a Report ; for she is a Lady I never pretended to. No, Sir, said *Martillo*, then why did you write to a Lady, you had formerly courted, that you were now married to the charming *Hermione* ? Alas ! Sir, said *Cleomidon*, what you tell me amazes me ; and explain this Ænigma, to deliver me out of the Pain I suffer ; for my Heart forebodes some Treason has been contriv'd against me, to destroy my Happiness ; and (if 'tis possible) clear all my Doubts, and let me know every Circumstance has been related, that has confirm'd this flying Report.

The first News of your Marriage, said *Martillo*, was at a Coffee-House you did usually

usually frequent when you were in Town; but it was confirm'd under your Hand and Seal, in a Letter to *Lindamira*——Hold (said *Cleomidon*) Do you know *Lindamira*? And did she receive a Letter from me, that mentioned my Marriage with *Hermione*? 'Tis most assuredly so, (reply'd *Martillo*) and the Letter I have seen and read over several times, and, I believe, my Memory has retain'd it all, or great part of it; and, at *Cleomidon's* Request, he repeated it to him.

But the Surprize *Cleomidon* was in, at the recital of this Letter, is not to be express'd; for a long time he kept Silence, with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground; then lifting of them up to Heaven, as to bear Witness of his Innocence: Oh most unhappy *Cleomidon*! said he, Was ever constant Lover so much abus'd, or ever so great a Villany contriv'd to make me the most wretched of Mankind! How much am I become the loath'd, detested Object of *Lindamira's* Thoughts, whose just Resentments nothing can appease? For could she believe me married to *Hermione*, and yet preserve a Friendship for me? Oh! no, she has reveng'd herself on me, and made *Harnando* happy.

How do you mean happy, said *Martillo*, interrupting of him, since the Colonel is now in *Flanders*? This Letter, replied *Cleomidon*, (shewing it to *Martillo*) has been the Cause of my Misery: And nothing but *Lindamira's* own Hand could have perswaded me she could have lov'd another.

*Martillo*



*Martillo* taking the Letter from him, read these Words.

**Lindamira to Cleomidon.**

*You will not wonder I have chang'd my Sentiments, when you know 'tis in Favour of Colonel Harnando, on whose Kindness depends all my Happiness, which I esteem beyond the Western Mines. What has past between us let be buried in Oblivion, as shall the Memory of Cleomidon, by*

Lindamira.

*Martillo* having read the Letter with Wonder and Amazement, return'd it *Cleomidon*, telling him, That never so black a Treason was contriv'd to make two Persons so unhappy, whose Hands were so well counterfeited that any one might be deceived: But yet he could not comprehend the Meaning of his sudden Departure out of Town, and why he never answer'd *Lindamira's* Letters.

That which occasion'd my Journey out of Town (reply'd *Cleomidon*) I imparted to *Lindamira*; my Uncle then being extreme ill, as my Friend wrote me Word, urging many specious Reasons for my immediate Departure. That Night I arriv'd at my House I wrote to *Lindamira*, that I would not fail to be in Town by that time our Nuptials were to be celebrated, unless she commanded the contrary; for my Uncle was then very ill of a Fit of the Gout. I impatiently waited her Answer; but

but not hearing from her, I wrote again, and gave her an Account of all my Designs, begging of her, by all our Loves, not to fail writing to me. But having thus drill'd on a Fortnight, I became very melancholy, not knowing what to conjecture; and as ill as my Uncle was, I desired he would give me leave to go away; for I fear'd some Misfortune had befallen *Lindamira* that I had not heard from her. And *Lyndaraxa* maliciously reply'd, that she heard she had so many Admirers, that she fear'd I should have the least share of her Heart. But however, I resolved to be gone in two Days: And, unfortunately, the Day before I assign'd for my Departure, two Gentlemen din'd at my House, that were newly come from *London*; and *Lyndaraxa*, who was always inquisitive after News, demanded of one of 'em, What was the best News in Town. He reply'd, That the Marriage of Colonel *Harnando* and *Lindamira*, was the only Discourse at present. The other reply'd, That he had soon forgot *Elvira*, that could think of marrying so soon. The first made Answer, *That the Colonel had a Kindness for her in his Lady's Life-time, who was jealous of her, and 'twas thought she laid it so much to Heart, that it was the occasion of her Death.*

This Discourse (said *Cleomidon*) was like a Dagger to my Heart; for knowing what excellent Endowments and Attractions the Colonel had, it bred such a Hurricane of Thoughts within my Breast, that I was all a flaming Fire, which in my labouring Fancy was never

at ease; nor could I taste that cordial Sleep, that helps to ease a troubled Mind: The loaded Prisoner with Chains, suffered not such Torments as I did; but to imbitter more my Pain, the next Morning I receiv'd a Confirmation of this News, from *Lindamira's* Hand, and that, Sir, was the Letter you have read: Tho now I am convinc'd it is a Forgery, yet then I thought her false, and the most perjur'd of Woman-kind: Yet however, I intended to present myself before her, only for her Punishment, to observe how she could look on me, after the Vows that she had broke; but as my Resentments were no Secret, my Uncle said all he could to appease me; and persuaded me not to complain to *Lindamira*, since her Fault could not be pardoned: And *Lyndaraxa* cunningly advised, to slight her Infidelity, since nothing could so much gratify the Humour of an inconstant Mistress, as to see her Lover torment and afflict himself for her sake. Thus was I persuaded to forbear my Resentments, which if I had not delay'd, it would have spared me many a restless Night; and had I followed the Torrent of my Passion, I should have known the Truth, and then this Veil of Falshood had been torn away, and *Lindamira* had appear'd as innocent as ever. But now, *Martillo*, What may I hope? Will she be deaf to all my Prayers? Will she forgive my Silence, and impute my Fault to my most rigorous Fate?

Thus

Thus did *Cleomidon* complain, which mov'd  
 so much Compassion in *Martillo*, that he prom-  
 ised to serve him to the utmost of his Power,  
 and would prepare my Mind to hear his  
 Story. They appointed a Day to be in  
*London*; but *Cleomidon's* Impatience brought  
 him a Day sooner than *Martillo*.

My Ignorance of what I have now related,  
 made me commit so great an Absurdity, that  
 I can hardly forgive myself; but what I  
 have more to say will make this Letter too  
 voluminous; therefore I will conclude this,  
 with the Assurance of my sincere Love to my  
 dearest *Indamora*.

I am,

Your Faithful

Lindamira.

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LET-



## L E T T E R XXIII.

**C**Leomidon was no sooner come to Town, (my dearest *Indamora*) but he came directly to *Lyfidas's* House, and demanded if I were at Home; and being told *I was*, begg'd the Favour to be admitted to me. This News was very surprizing, and I much admired how he durst approach me, after the Injustice he had done me: But he being totally cast out of my Favour, I sent him Word, *I had Company with me, and could not see him.* This Message did not much surprize him, (knowing by *Martillo*, how great my Resentments were) but he sent a second time, in the most submissive Terms imaginable, saying, *He had something of Importance to discover to me, that related to us both.* But this I thought only a Pretence to see me, and no Excuse could justify his base Actions; that I sent him Word again, *I would never see his Face, and wonder'd how he could desire to see mine.* These last Words made him almost distracted; and I had the Pleasure of seeing him in all the Transports of Grief and Trouble (for there was a Window on the Stairs, that look'd into the Parlour, that I could see any one, and not be seen). Thus did I please myself in tormenting of him; for at that time,

time, no flinty Rock was more hardy and inaccessible than my Heart; and tho *Iris* interceded much in his behalf, and begg'd of me to see him, yet nothing could prevail, and a third time I sent word, absolutely to forbid him ever to come where I was.

This last Message was like a Thunder-bolt to his Heart, which cast him into that Despair and Transport of Grief, that of a long time he spoke not a Word. At last, said he to *Iris*, *Will you tell the cruel Lindamira that I will obey her; but 'tis barbarous in her not to hear my Justification. I have such things to acquaint her with, that will startle her Belief; but I will leave the rest to Martillo, who, perhaps, may have more Credit with her than I have.* As he ended these Words he immediately went away, with Looks so dejected, and so pale, as if his Grave he intended should be the Place of his Asylum.

But he was no sooner gone but I repented, and wish'd I had but seen him, to have upbraided him with his Infidelity; but in this Emergency I knew not what to do; for *Doralisa* was gone out, whose Advice I wanted very much.

As soon as my two Cousins were come Home, I acquainted them with this wonderful News, which extremely surpriz'd 'em; and they wished I had granted *Cleomidon* an Audience, believing it possible for him to have appeased my Resentments; and that perhaps he had been treacherously dealt by.

This

This Thought made *Lyfidas* very industrious to find out his Lodging ; (for he infinitely esteem'd *Cleomidon* ; and his Baseness to me was a great Grief to him, as believing him incapable of such an Action) but his Endeavours were fruitless : That Evening *Martillo* came to Town, and not meeting with *Cleomidon* according to the Appointment, came to *Lyfidas*'s House, and acquainted him with what had pass'd between him and *Cleomidon* at *Byzantem*. He related all that I have already mentioned to you, which rejoiced *Lyfidas* beyond what can be imagined. And when *Martillo* told me this Adventure, (which he did with so much Seriousness that I could not doubt the Truth) I was ready to faint away, and I found myself dispirited ; for I was so extremely affected with the Relation of *Cleomidon*'s Innocence, and vex'd at my own ill Nature, for not letting of him see me, that I wanted no other Accuser but my own Conscience ; but as I was ignorant of what was past, I did but serve him as he deserved. But however, I excused myself to *Martillo*, who told me, That the Hour of their Appointment was come ; and demanded of me, if I would not send some Words of Consolation, to the unhappy *Cleomidon*. I desired him to tell him, as being ignorant of his Innocence, he could not expect a better Treatment from me ; but since he had not forfeited that Character that made me to esteem him, he should find me as sincerely his Friend as ever.

But

But *Martillo*, instead of meeting *Cleomidon*, found a Letter directed to him, and one for me inclosed in it, which made him return with speed, saying to me, That I ought to answer it ; for he found by his, that *Cleomidon* was sick. I open'd it, and found these Words.

Cleomidon to Lindamira.

*You could let me depart, Madam, without hearing my Justification, which is too tedious to write ; but I have been inhumanly betray'd by my most intimate Friends, which has made me appear a strange Criminal to Lindamira ; but my Innocence is equal to the Love I bear you. I beseech you, permit me to make my Complaint, that I may demonstrate the Treason has been acted against me : And nothing but the Influence of your Eyes can revive one under such violent Pressures as I now suffer. Deny not my Request to the most passionate of Lovers, whose only Ambition is to die.*

Yours, CLEOMIDON.

This Letter wrought that Compassion in my Soul, that I could not help shedding Tears at the reading of it ; which had so mollify'd my Anger, that I accus'd myself of Barbarity, and begg'd a thousand Pardons of *Cleomidon*. But *Martillo* being in haste to be gone, desired that I would answer his Letter kindly, and that he might be the Messenger



sender of it. I therefore wrote him these few Words, as follows.

Lindamira to Cleomidon.

*Your Innocence has defaced out of my Heart, those just Resentments I had against you, which were proportionable to the Esteem I ever had for you; and whilst I believ'd you guilty of Infidelity and Ingratitude, I treated you like a Criminal. I am impatient to hear your Justification, and to know who are those treacherous Friends that have so inhumanly betray'd you. Assure your self that I am sincerely*

*Your LINDAMIRA.*

*Martillo lost no time, but went to Cleomidon's Lodging, where he found him sick in Bed, and his Physician with him. This is kindly done (said he) to come and see a dying Friend; and by this I find you have received my Letter; but what Reception the inclosed found, I dread to hear. Fear nothing, reply'd Martillo; for Lindamira's Heart is not so inflexible as you had Reason to believe: The Relation I have given her of your past Misfortunes, has so mollified her Heart, that she gave me this Letter for you; and does also desire you to be careful of your Health. Cleomidon received this Letter with all the Transports of Love and Passion, and thanked Martillo for the good Office he had done him. But my kind Friend (said he) the Condition*

tion I am in, will not permit me to see my Lindamira, who desires to hear my Justification. I will return to her (said Martillo) and acquaint her with your Illness; and I am persuaded that Doralisa will prevail with her to come and see you. This officious Friend so well perform'd his part, as that Evening *Lyfidas*, *Doralisa*, and my self, made our Visit to him.

But when I came into the Room, I was not able to speak one Word to him, but stood like a Statue with my Eyes fix'd on him: I look'd on him with Grief and Sorrow; for his Misfortunes had so altered him, that his Colour was quite gone, and a dead Paleness diffused all over his Face; his Eyes looked dull, and a deep Melancholy settled in his Countenance. Whilst I was in this Contemplation, *Lyfidas* took me by the Hand, and asked me, if I would not speak to *Cleomidon*? When I approach'd him, I was not able to utter one Word; but sat me down by him, and fell into a great Fit of Weeping. *Cleomidon* was much concern'd to see me in this Trouble, and said to me the most passionate and tender things imaginable; but I could make him no other Answer but my Sighs: For all our Misfortunes, since our unhappy Separation, came crouding into my Thoughts, which stopped the Freedom of my Speech. But *Doralisa*, whose Soul was not agitated with so many different Passions as mine, begg'd of me to dry up my Tears, and to speak to *Cleomidon*, and to know of him, the

the History of his Life, since the last Breach between us.

That, Madam, cries he, will take up more time than I fear your Patience will admit on, or *Lindamira* will afford to hearken to.

No, my *Cleomidon* (said I) I can never be tired with a Relation of your Innocence; and tho I know, partly by *Martillo*, you have been betray'd, and that you suspect the inhuman *Lyndaraxa*, yet I am ignorant how you discovered the Truth, and who were your intimate Friends, that acted this perfidious Part. If the Relation will not be too great a Fatigue in the Condition you are in, let me know this Night, how I have been deceived by the Report of your Marriage with *Hermione*, which has given me such just Cause to complain against you.

My Dearest *Lyndamira* (reply'd *Cleomidon*) then you may judge by your own Heart, what I have suffer'd, tho in a greater Degree; for the News of your Marriage with Colonel *Harnando* so alarm'd all the Faculties of my Soul, and reduced me to that Extremity of Despair, that I was not fit for Human Society. But your Commands shall be obey'd, and I will contract this Narration into as narrow a Compass as I can; and will let you know how fortunately I made a Discovery of what I am going to relate.

As soon as I parted from *Martillo* from *Byzantem* I return'd to my own House with all the speed I could. I sent my Man to *Volusius*, a Friend of mine, that liv'd within  
half

half a Mile of me; to him I oftentimes imparted my Mind, and ask'd his Advice on several Occasions; and in this Emergency, wanted him to communicate the most surprizing and most welcome News in the World, that you were not married to Colonel *Harnando*; saying to him, This was the most artificial Piece of Treachery as ever was acted, that could deceive us both with a Report of each others being married; and our Hands were so exactly counterfeited, as to lead us into these Mistakes, to believe each other guilty of the highest Ingratitude imaginable. I am so much afflicted at it, said I to *Volufius*, that I should wrong an innocent Person, that I would give an Hundred Guineas to find out the Author and Contriver of this malicious Plot. And assist me, my dear Friend, said I, (embracing of him) in the Discovery; and tho I have reason to suspect *Lyndaraxa*, yet I cannot prove any thing against her.

*Volufius* hearkened to me with the Countenance of a Friend, extreamly interested in my Misfortune; and after a long Time revolving in his Mind, whether he ought to own the Treason, or seem innocent of it: But he having some Remorse of Conscience, he on a sudden cast himself at my Feet, and the Tears trickling down his Eyes, in this submissive Posture he besought me to hear him.

Sir, said he, your Astonishment cannot be greater than my Villany, in being an Accomplice in this treasonable Design, which  
was



was to destroy the Satisfaction and Comfort of your Life. Heavens forbid! (said I, interrupting of him) Has *Volufius*, my Friend, betray'd me? Oh! add not new Afflictions to my Misery; but tell me quickly, what you know, and conceal not the least Circumstance that can justify my Innocence to the injur'd *Lindamira*. At these Words, he rose up, and his dejected Looks wrought some Compassion for my most cruel Enemy. Sir, said he, The Confusion I am in, will not permit me to make any Apology, nor can I offer any thing to excuse so unworthy, and so ungenerous an Action: But not to keep you longer in suspense; Know, Sir, that *Lyndaraxa* came to me one Day, when you were in *London*, and told me, she had thought of a Means how to raise my Fortune in the World, if I would be rul'd by her. I thank'd her for her obliging Care, and reply'd, I should be very acknowledging, if she'd propose a Way how I may honestly advance myself. Then be rul'd by me, said she, and you shall have two Hundred Guineas to morrow; and if the Project succeed, according to my Wishes, you shall have a Hundred a Year settled on you for your Life, which will raise you above the Contempt of the World, and gain you the Esteem of all your Acquaintance. These were her Proposals; and without farther Scrutiny into her Designs, I swore Allegiance to her, and an implicit Obedience to her Commands; and then she explained herself to me, as follows.

You may serve me (aid *Lyndaraxa*) and not be unjust to your Friend *Cleomidon*, who is going to precipitate his Ruin with a young Girl at London, who has neither Wit, Beauty, nor Fortune; and he Designs to marry her very speedily; my design is only, that you would write to him, that his Uncle lies a dying, who is now ill of the Gout, and I know he will obey the Summons; when he is here, leave me to finish the rest; for I will so contrive it, as to break off this Match, which will be the inevitable Ruin of his Daughter.

I confess, Sir, said *Volusius*, that she had so possess'd me with this Opinion, that I obey'd her without Reluctancy, hoping I might do you a future Service. But, Madam, said I to her, 'tis impossible to prevent *Cleomidon's* Marriage with *Lindamira*, for he loves her passionately, and thinks her not inferiour to the rest of her Sex: That is only his fond Opinion, said this crafty Lady; but do you write to him, and do afterwards as I shall direct. I promised her what she desired; and my Fortune being at a low Ebb, (which she knew) I was unhappily prevailed with to comply with her.

That Night, Sir, if you remember, that you came home, you wrote to *Lindamira*, and *Lyndaraxa* intercepted your Letter, and with great Joy brought it to me, and thus delivered herself smiling on me, telling me, That now was the time wherein she expected the Performance of my Promise. *Volusius* (continued she) you must not baulk

me of my Designs; for if you do, I'll summon a Legion of Devils to be reveng'd of you: Take this Letter, pursued this malicious Woman, and practise these Characters; for there will be occasion to counterfeit this Hand. These Words made me start, and I would have given my Life to have been excused: But she held me to my Promise, threatening me with Shame and Punishment if I betray'd her, or did not observe her Directions. She made me swear a second time, to be true to her Interest, and like an ungrateful perfidious Wretch, I did agree with her for two hundred Guineas, to counterfeit what Letters she pleas'd: And I myself went to the Post-House to receive *Lindamira's* Letters, and brought them to *Lyndaraxa*: But it cannot be express'd the Joy she shewed, when she read the melancholy Complaints of *Lindamira* for your Silence; and she shall have more reason to complain, said she, for *Lindamira* shall receive no more Letters from her Lover. My Heart relented at the reading of this Letter; but I durst not discover my Sentiments, her Malice was so implacable; and it was her Contrivance to have those two Gentlemen at Dinner, who told you the false News of *Lindamira's* Marriage with Colonel *Hernando*; and you must know further, that there was a young Agent of hers at *London*, who had a Lodging over-against *Lyfidas's* House. This Creature had a Pension from her, to observe what pass'd there; and by some means she came to know,  
that

that Colonel *Hernando* had a respect for *Lindamira* in *Elvira's* Life-time; and this innocent Affection she improv'd to her own advantage. She was so happy in her Designs, that this Report got Credit with you; and she found it stung you to the Heart, which made her very pleasant, when you were buried in your melancholy Thoughts. But she was no Stranger to what most concern'd you; for her Maid *Julian*, was an Eve-dropper, and had often over heard us discoursing of *Lindamira*, in *Cleodora's* Life-time. She was like a Mercury; for she was very expeditious in carrying to her Mistress what she heard us say: And this with Truth I can affirm, That I never told her any thing you said to me, but what she heard I could not deny. And *Julian*, who always seem'd so very civil and respectful to you, was a great Instrument in contriving this Mischief: For she hearing you speak of *Lindamira* with great Affection, related it to her Mistress, who had sworn a Revenge ever since you so happily discovered her Plot with *Sabina* in the Garden; She said she would cross you in your Love, and make you drag your Chains heavily: This she has effectually done; and I was so unworthy as to assist her in the Management of it. That now, Sir, inflict what Punishment you please, (said *Volusius*) for I am too conscious of my own Treachery, to hope to escape your most severe Revenge; and if Repentance could expiate my Fault, or my Sorrow atone for my Crime, I may hope to find you merciful.



He ended his Narration with Abundance of Tears, and I believe did truly repent of his Perfidiousness; but my astonishment would not give me leave to speak of a considerable time; but at last being awaken'd from my Amazement; *Oh Heavens!* said I, *How am I cross'd, and why am I thus unjustly dealt by? I have lost Lindamira's Favour for ever, and tho your Treachery deserves immediate Death, yet I will spare your Life for your Punishment; and you shall go along with me to London; and if ever you see Lyndaraxa's Face more, expect the heaviest Vengeance in the World to light on your Head.* I would not let him go home to fetch those Necessaries he pretended he wanted for his Journey, but furnish'd him with Money, and other necessary things, because I durst not trust him out of my sight, fearing he should betray me a second time, and acquaint *Lyndaraxa* with my Intentions, and two Hours after Midnight, we departed for *London*. I only took with me two Servants and himself; and I left *Cleander* (who waits on me in my Chamber) to give me an account of what passes in my Absence: And this Day I received a Letter from him, That my Uncle was surpriz'd at my sudden Departure; but *Lyndaraxa* is almost distracted at it: For knowing that *Volusius* came with me, she finds she is betray'd, and she knows not to whom to vent her Passion; that *Alcander* is in great Trouble about her, being ignorant of the occasion of this Frenzy: She cannot sleep, but walks about the House all

Night;

Night ; and hearkens at every one's Door, in hopes to have some Intelligence of what I do ; that she behaves herself so much like a Mad-woman, that *Alander* fears she will do herself a Mischief.

This, my *Lindamira*, (said *Cleomidon*) is what has past since our fatal Separation : And surely, Madam, I deserve your Pity ; for no Slave has dragg'd a more wretched Life about him, than myself : Tho' I believ'd you false, and thought you married to *Harnando*, yet I ador'd the Author of all my Misery ; and your Idea I could not banish from my Heart. I beseech you, Madam, hide not from me, how great a Progress the Colonel has made in your Heart ; for he has store of Charms, to engage the most insensible of your Sex : He is not only descended from a most Illustrious Family, but possesses all the advantage of a sprightly Wit ; and his bewitching Tongue never fail'd of Success, where he design'd a Conquest.

But it being late, I told *Cleomidon* I would reserve my own Adventures for the next Day, and make him judge of my Actions, whether or no I still merited his Affections. I left him to his Rest, and his Mind re-settled, and satisfied that he still held the chief rank in my Esteem. Adieu, my *Indamora*.

I am,

Your Affectionate

Friend and Servant,

Lindar

## L E T T E R. XXIV.

THE next Day, according to my Promise, my dearest *Indamora*, I was to see *Cleomidon*, whose Indisposition oblig'd me to this Visit. I found him much better, and in a Transport of Joy, that there was a true Reconciliation between us: For “ Ma-  
 “ dam (said he) I can think with Pleasure  
 “ on all the Inquietudes I have suffer'd, since  
 “ my *Lindamira* does permit me again to  
 “ love her. Therefore let us no longer tempt  
 “ Fate, lest we should meet with a new Dis-  
 “ appointment; for a second Separation will  
 “ be Death to me; and tell me sincerely, If  
 “ the Merits of Colonel *Harnando* have not  
 “ defaced that Impression I had once made?”  
 I reply'd, That he reign'd more absolute in my Heart, than ever; and being truly sensible of his Sufferings, it had augmented the Esteem I had for him, which would last eternally. And at his Request, I recounted to him all that had past between the Colonel and myself, with the same Sincerity as I have done to you, without omitting, or disguising the least Circumstance; and shew'd him the Colonel's Letters, with the Copies of my own, which I brought along with me for that purpose. I told my *Cleo-  
 midon*,

*midon*, That I thought it necessary to write to the Colonel, to acquaint him with his Innocency, and to desire he would do me that Justice, to acknowledge there was no Engagement between us, but only a reciprocal Esteem and Friendship. To this Purpose I wrote to him, and sent my Letter to the Post-House by *Cleomidon's* Servant; and I doubt not but he was well enough pleas'd with my sincere Way of dealing with him, which immediately display'd itself in the Effects; for his Health return'd to him in a short Time after; and in the interim that I receiv'd an Answer of my Letter to the Colonel, an unexpected Deliverance happened to *Cleomidon*; for *Cleander* wrote him Word, That *Lyndaraxa* was raving mad by Fits, and when the Frenzy was in her Brain, she one Night design'd to compleat her Character of being a very notorious Woman, and attempted the Murder of *Alcander*; the Weapon she made use of for this Purpose, was a rusty Knife she found by Chance in the Buttery, but it being so eaten up with Rust, it would not enter the Skin of *Alcander*; and the Thrust she gave him, awoke him from his Sleep, and laying violent Hands on her, he held her till his Servants came to his Assistance, who taking her out of her Bed (when her Clothes were on) shut her into a Closet that had a strong Lock to it, where she was to remain, till *Alcander* could consult



sult with his Friends now to dispose of her. But she had so much Sense remaining to be sensible of her own Wickedness, and to know that the Law could punish her for attempting the Life of her Husband. But during the Time of this Consultation, before Day broke, she made her Escape out of the Window, by the Help of some new Holland which lay in her Closet, which she fastened to the Bar of the Window, and so she got down. But when *Alcander* came with his Friends to reproach her with her Villany, they found the Bird of Ill-Omen fled, which was a great Surprize to them. Diligent Search was made for her, but no Tidings could be heard till next Morning, when the Keeper of the Park brought Word, That he saw her floating in one of the Ponds, but durst not approach she look'd so dreadfully. Care was taken to have her fetch'd from thence, and her Funeral was perform'd with the utmost Privacy.

*Alcander* began to suspect, that something extraordinary must be the Occasion of this Disturbance in her Mind, and commanded *Julian* to acquaint him, if she knew any Cause for it. This Wretch seeing herself depriv'd of her great Support, and of *Voluptas*, began to repent of what Villany she had practis'd, and made a sincere Confession of all I have related; first of *Lyndaraxa's* Design of introducing a false Heir, by the Assistance of *Sabina*, and her Contrivance; and that *Lyndaraxa* had sworn Revenge to *Cleomiden* for making the Discovery; and what she had

3

plotted

plotted with *Volusius* to render us both unhappy. That finding her Designs discover'd, it was such a Torment to her Mind, that in her Passion she would often repeat she would do herself a Mischief. *Alcander* was so much afflicted to hear this Account of his Wife, that it redoubled his Sorrow for her; and was as much enrag'd at the Perfidiousness of *Julian*, whose Sight he could not bear, but order'd her to be dismiss'd and sent back to her Friends. The Old Gentleman was much Afflicted at this Accident, and wrote to *Cleomidon* a Letter, fill'd with the Relation of his Misfortunes: And also begging his Pardon for the Injury he had done him, wishing him to be so kind to come to him for a Fortnight, or three Weeks: But *Cleomidon* said he would not leave me till he had ty'd the Gordian Knot, that nothing but Death can dissolve. And a few Days after, I received an Answer from Colonel *Harnando* which was in these Words.

Colonel *Harnando* to *Lindamira*.

Madam,

**W**HAT I fear'd is at last come to pass, that you'll be convinc'd of *Cleomidon's* Innocence; I knew the Truth before I left you, but had not the Power to tell you so myself. I must not pretend to enter the Lists with so happy a Rival, who first possess'd your Heart: But if you will leave it to the Chance of War, who shall possess you, I will measure my Sword with him, and shall  
think

*think that Blood well spilt that purchases me Lindamira. In Justice to you, Madam, I do acknowledge you made me no Promise to be ever mine; but you were cruel in refusing your Hand, when you believed Cleomidon unfaithful. But my too Happy Rival (envied by all Mankind) must enjoy you, since I cannot. This unwelcome News has added much to my Indisposition: If I recover of my Wounds I will see you, tho' happy in my Rival's Arms. You may sometimes think of an unfortunate Lover, without violating your Faith to Cleomidon; who, I am certain, hath Generosity enough to pity a miserable Man. Ten Thousand Joys attend your Nuptials; and may your Wishes be crown'd with Felicity: And when you hear of my Death, afford some Tears in Memory to your constant and faithful*

Harnando.

I shew'd this Letter to Cleomidon, and when he had read it, he seem'd very much satisfied, and had Goodness enough to pity the Colonel, and said he would answer his Letter; which he did in the most obliging Terms he possibly could.

And now, my dear Friend, I am come to the Period of all my Misfortunes; and my Constancy is rewarded with the best of Husbands, whose Affection to me makes me infinitely happy. Our Sufferings have been equal, and our Resentments mutual; and we have but too well experienc'd what the Powers could do; that no Jealousy or Suspicion

cion can any ways cruciate a generous Soul, or dissolve the Union of our Hearts.

But before I conclude this tedious Narrative of my Adventures, I must acquaint you with one Thing that is material; that the poor Colonel fell ill after the Receipt of my Letter; and as Relapses are more dangerous than the first Illness, so it prov'd to him: whether he became more careless of his Life, or that Success did not attend the Medicines which he us'd, he fell into a violent Fever, and by Fits was very Light-headed; and *Leander*, who never stirr'd from his Bed side, heard all his extravagant Expressions of his Love and Despair, and when he had any Interval of Sense he would be endeavouring to write to me, but had not Strength to finish his Letter; but to *Leander* he did communicate his Thoughts, and desired him to bring me a Ring, which he hoped I would wear in Remembrance of him. In a few Days after the Colonel died; and I heard not of his Death till *Leander* related it to me. I was most sensibly touch'd with this Accident, and I shed many Tears upon this mournful Occasion, and *Cleomidon* was so kind to partake of my Sorrow; for he was really concern'd for his Death, who was much lamented by all that knew him. I fail'd not of seeing his Son as long as he stay'd in Town, and the near Resemblance of his Father fix'd him in my Memory.

Thus



Thus you see, my *Indamora*, I was destin'd to be a Mother-in-Law, which Side soever I had chosen: And I hope the young *Hermilia* will find no Difference between me and *Cleodora*; for I have the same Affection for her, as if she were my own; and where there is a true Love to a Husband, an Affection naturally follows to his Children. I have nothing more to add that is material, and 'tis Time to deliver you from the tedious Penance you have endur'd; tho much might be said to excuse my ill Performance, as not having Abilities to pursue such a Work that I inconsiderately undertook. I will not trouble you with any tedious Apologies, but will conclude my Adventures, with the Assurance of my sincere Affection to my Dearest *Indamora*.

MA 50  
I am,

*Her Faithful*

*Lindamira.*

F I N I S.